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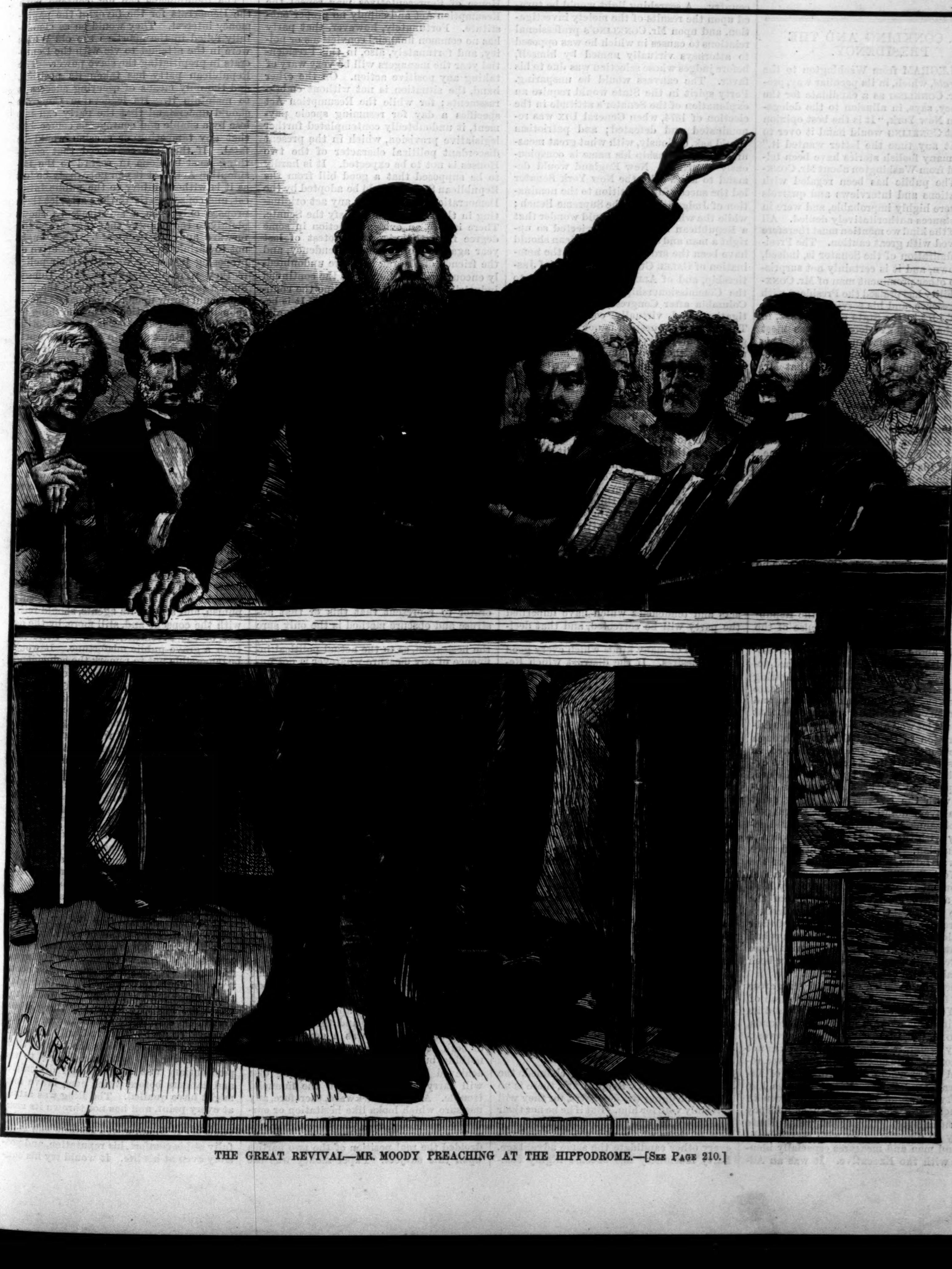

THE GREAT REVIVAL—MR. MOODY PREACHING AT THE HIPPODROME.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

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MR. CONKLING AND THE PRESIDENCY.

A TELEGRAM from Washington to the *Herald*, which, in its peculiar way, proposes Mr. CONKLING as a candidate for the Presidency, says, in allusion to the delegation from New York, "It is the best opinion here that CONKLING would hand it over to GRANT at any time the latter wanted it." A great many foolish stories have been telegraphed from Washington about Mr. CONKLING. The public has been regaled with conversations and interviews and quarrels which were highly improbable, and were in some instances authoritatively denied. All stories of the kind we mention must therefore be received with great caution. The President's admiration of the Senator is, indeed, well known, and it is certainly not surprising. No other prominent man of Mr. CONKLING'S ability has praised the President with such unreserve, and his service in the campaign of 1872 in the State of New York, in which the GREELEY defection was most threatening, was signal and efficient. It is no secret that the President was very grateful, and it is undoubtedly true that Mr. CONKLING has declined more splendid offers of official position than any man in our political history. His alliance with the President has been absolute from the moment that he carried the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY as Collector of New York against the efforts of Mr. FENTON, who, until that time, because of his later election as Senator and of his peculiar address, had almost monopolized the Presidential favor in this State.

In the great party breach of 1871–72 in the Senate, Mr. CONKLING was the especial champion of the Administration. It was he who introduced the amendment reflecting upon Mr. SUMNER and his associates in regard to the sale of French arms. It was he who opposed Mr. SUMNER'S amendment for a limitation of the Presidential term. It was to Mr. CONKLING more than to any other one of their colleagues that the Republican Senators turned for a defense of the Executive in the melancholy winter of 1871–72; and the bright blade of his eloquence with its keen satiric edge flashed defiantly before their applauding eyes. During the campaign of 1872 he stumped the State of New York from Montauk to Niagara, and the burden of his brilliant speeches was that we should let well alone—well being the Administration of General GRANT. Through all the Southern debates that followed, as in those of last winter, he sustained at every point the President's position. Indeed, no Republican has been so signally identified with the Executive at every point and in every detail as Senator CONKLING. His colleague, Mr. MORTON, has differed seriously with the President upon the financial question. But no shadow of difference has ever fallen upon the relations of the New York Senator with the Executive, and his opulent mental resources of every kind have always been at the service of the White House. Other Republican leaders have revealed the scope and height of their ambition; but if Senator CONKLING has had aspirations which might conflict with those the President might cherish, they have been concealed with consummate skill.

When the question of a third term arose in 1874, and the Republican Convention of New York would gladly have expressed its opposition upon public and general grounds, Mr. CONKLING, through his friends, prevented any declaration, and the matter was not mentioned. The elections that followed revealed every where a deep distrust of Republican tendencies. New York was lost by fifty thousand majority, while even in Massachusetts the Republican ascendency was endangered. This defeat we attribute chiefly to dissatisfaction with certain policies and men and measures especially identified with the Executive. It was an Administration rather than a Republican defeat. This view was certainly not peculiar to us. It was shared by most intelligent Republicans who do not confound fidelity to Republican principles and purposes with a thick-and-thin support and defense of every thing that bears the party name. The Republicans, for instance, who defeated General BUTLER in Massachusetts were much truer friends of the party than those who supported him, because they showed that, in order to succeed, the managers must nominate candidates for whom those desiring honest government could vote. With perfectly friendly feeling for Mr. CONKLING, therefore, any Republican may see, and, if he sees, should plainly say, that Mr. CONKLING, being one of the leaders who are responsible for the courses which, according to this view, imperiled the party, can not be considered a strong Republican candidate for the Presidency. To this must be added other considerations which would necessarily seriously weaken him in the canvass before the country. A searching light would be turned upon the results of the moiety investigation, and upon Mr. CONKLING'S professional relations to causes in which he was opposed to attorneys virtually named by himself, before judges whose selection was due to his favor. The canvass would be unsparing. Party spirit in the State would require an explanation of the Senator's attitude in the election of 1874, when General DIX was renominated and defeated; and patriotism would ask, curiously, with what great measure of statesmanship his name is conspicuously identified. New England would demand to know why the New York Senator led the successful opposition to the nomination of Judge HOAR to the Supreme Bench; while the whole country would wonder that a Republican Senator who rejected so upright a man and so true a Republican should have been the ardent supporter of the nomination of CALEB CUSHING to the Chief Justiceship, and of ALEXANDER SHEPHERD to the Commissionership of the District of Columbia after Congress, upon full investigation, had virtually condemned him. The important question is not of ability or general party service. They are not denied. But they are no more arguments for Mr. CONKLING'S candidacy than for that of the other gentlemen who have been conspicuously named as candidates, and for whom the argument of ability, character, and service may be urged with equal force. Again, the question is not whether a majority in the New York Convention can pledge the delegation to vote as a unit for Mr. CONKLING at the National Convention, nor whether the National Convention can be persuaded to adopt him as the candidate. It is whether, if these things can be done, they ought to be done; whether this is the true policy for those who patriotically desire Republican success.

The vital question not only for Republicans in New York, but for Republicans every where, is whether Mr. CONKLING'S political career has been such as to inspire confidence that, in case of his election, the questionable acts and tendencies which have imperiled the party will be corrected, and that decisive steps will be taken toward the political reforms of many kinds which every good citizen desires. If the distrust which Republican ascendency under some recent auspices has, as events show, undeniably produced in a very large and influential part of the party—a distrust of which the extraordinary decline of the Republican vote in Massachusetts is a striking illustration—would be removed by the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, there could be no reason for hesitation. If all Republicans who desire and are resolved to see the spirit and method of Mr. BRISTOW carried into every department of the government, and the whole administration of public affairs vigorously elevated and purified, with all those whose dissatisfaction has led them to support other than Republican candidates or to refrain from voting—and the votes of all these are indispensable to Republican success—if these can be brought into hearty co-operation by the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, he would be the strongest of candidates. But if his election should be generally recognized in advance as a mere continuation of all that has divided and discouraged and defeated the party, and his nomination as a deliberate and defiant approval by the party managers of the policy and men and measures that have notoriously imperiled it, could it be candidly regarded as a strong nomination, however zealous and enthusiastic the immediate personal friends and advocates of the candidate might be?

If Mr. CONKLING be, as is claimed, the choice of New York Republicans, there is no need of pledging the delegates, for they will certainly vote for him. But if he be not their sole choice, let him have the unfettered support of those who prefer him, and leave to every other candidate the same advantage. Party machinery has become highly complex and inexorable. But it is the duty of intelligent men who deal with it to strive to make it serve its real purpose as far as possible. A party Convention to nominate a President should represent the actual wishes and feelings of the party, so far as the machinery permits them to be expressed. To that end, it should be composed of delegates who represent local constituencies, and not State Conventions. This is the interest of the masses who compose the party as against that of the "managers." It is the interest of all those who unselfishly desire Republican success. In any case, let New York Republicans send a delegation to the National Convention which nobody can "hand over" to any body else, and which will represent the real condition of the Republican sentiment of the State.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

THERE is an uneasy feeling in the public mind that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives may repeal the Resumption Act and supply no proper substitute. Fortunately, however, that party has no common financial convictions or policy, and fortunately, also, in this Presidential year the managers will be very wary of taking any positive action. On the other hand, the situation is not without embarrassments; for while the Resumption Act specifies a day for resuming specie payment, it undoubtedly contemplated further legislative provision, which in the present discordant political character of the two Houses is not to be expected. It is hardly to be supposed that a good bill from the Republican Senate would be adopted by the Democratic House, or that any act originating in the House could satisfy the Senate. There is also an evident reaction in some degree from the vigorous protest of last year against the soft-money tendency, and the friends of the rag baby are undoubtedly encouraged, and hope that the continued industrial depression will incline the country to accept their fatal panacea. It is belief that there is such a reaction which also inclines some persons to doubt the general soundness of public opinion upon the subject, and even persuades some strong partisans on both sides that a simple, decided, honest, and heroic policy would be politically disastrous. This is the opinion of the Republicans of Indiana, who present the name of Mr. MORTON upon a financially reactionary platform.

A recent speech of Mr. CLYMER, a Democratic leader in Pennsylvania, is in the key which the most nervous partisans think to be now safest. It declares in substance that of course we must return to specie payments, but return in a way that will hurt nobody. The speech implies that the return can be managed without a shock or a jar to any interest or any person; that we may, in fact, find ourselves once more upon a specie basis without knowing it. It is the wish that this might be so, the resolution to find some method by which it may be so, that will induce every manager and orator to represent that this or that abstruse and obscure method is the only sure and safe one. And the timidity, the doubt, the hesitation, as to the actual political influence of any measure whatever is not unlikely to lead to mischievous results. The paper-money party, under a sincere leadership like that of Judge KELLEY, is a force not to be disregarded or despised. In his late speech the judge assumed to speak for millions of Republican voters, and his appeal for the suffering working-men is one that will not be without effect. Men out of work do not reason abstractly or closely. They want money first of all, and if they are told that when there was plenty of paper money they were constantly employed and well paid, they will inevitably associate paper money with prosperity. Show them that resumption is impossible without contraction, and they will oppose resumption as a catastrophe. Yet this argument could be made available by showing them that when England resumed, more than fifty years ago, resumption was the restoration of universal industrial activity and of general prosperity.

At an obscure moment like this, honest and intelligent men in Congress and elsewhere must remember that this government rests upon the intelligence and not upon the ignorance of the people. Orators and political managers are apt to undervalue both that intelligence and the courage of the country. There was a general doubt of both at the beginning of the war. Yet nothing but that intelligence and courage achieved the victory. And nothing else will carry us well through the financial trouble. Any step backward, therefore, any measure which looks like hesitation or surrender upon the part of the Republicans, will be disastrous. The last year's elections decided the real position of the two parties upon this subject. Paper money was the Democratic policy in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Republicans, partly by reason of the circumstances and by necessity, partly by conviction and principle, stood for a sound currency. The great Republican declarations were of the same character, and the sympathy and hope of paper-money men at this moment are with the Democratic party. The uncertainty of the hard-money Democratic leaders is shown in the conduct of THURMAN and HENDRICKS; and Governor TILDEN declared that he earnestly desired Democratic success in Ohio, although upon an inflation platform. Mr. THURMAN is by far the ablest Democratic chief in the country. He is called a hard-money Democrat. Yet in the campaign of last year he supported the inflation candidates of his party upon the ground that the paramount consideration was party success. Can there be a reasonable doubt that Mr. THURMAN would for the same reason accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency upon an inflation platform?

The Republicans can not contend with the Democrats for the favor of the paper-money interest. They would be as shamefully foiled in the effort as the old Whigs were in the attempt to vie with the Democrats in propitiating the slave power. The Republican party has taken its position, and the only means of securing success is to maintain it. Its leaders in Congress should understand that the party can not lose by a simple and courageous course, but that any tampering or evasion would be fatal. If they are convinced that something must be done in regard to the Resumption Act, that it can not wisely be left as it is without injury to the public interest, and consequently to the party, let them propose only such a substitute as shows plainly to the country that they are going forward and not backward. They ought not to shrink from taking the initiative of proposing just what would be their policy if they were dominant in both Houses. Such a proposition, originating in the Senate, would throw upon the Democrats the responsibility of rejection. The one thing for Republicans to remember is that patriotism and sound statesmanship as well as party interest imperatively require that if they move, they shall move forward. The condition of Republican success, now as always, is trust in the intelligence of the people.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

EVERY honest man in the country must hope that the rumors of the retirement of Secretary BRISTOW, at the request of the President, are untrue. There could be no heavier blow at public confidence, at the good name of the President, and at the prospects of the Republican party than such an event at this time. That the officer who in a time of widely organized and most powerful corruption, whose aspect and resources might well have appalled a stout heart and clear brain, did not hesitate to grapple with it, and to expose, prosecute, punish, and scatter its agents, should retire with the consent and, still more, by the desire of the President, would be little less than a grave public misfortune. It would be impossible not to remark the coincidence of the trial of the President's secretary and the dismissal of the Secretary of the Treasury. The President's words last summer, "Let no guilty man escape," were an earnest to the country of his unshrinking resolution in the prosecution of frauds. They were consonant with the popular idea of his personal integrity. But that, when the prosecutions reached his own secretary, the officer who has the chief responsibility for the whole movement should be forced to withdraw, would be, to those whom Mr. LINCOLN used to call "the plain people," most persuasive evidence that they had mistaken the real feeling and purpose of the President, and that he was willing to cast a slur upon the man whose name has become the synonym of the most uncompromising determination to purify the public service and punish corruption.

Those who suppose that the office of Mr. BRISTOW has been a bed of roses, and that his path in his late proceedings has been as easy as his duty was plain, are strangely mistaken. There are few men in the country who would have ventured to cope with the Whisky Ring which he has broken up. There are few who know any thing whatever of its extent, its ramifications, and its power. To deal with it radically and thoroughly, to trace the thefts through all their sinuosities, and to send the thieves to the penitentiary was to encounter difficulties and dangers before which even brave men might have quailed. The Ring was armed at every point, and has not thrown its arms away. It would strike, and the Secretary knew it; it would strike secretly and skillfully at his comfort, his reputation, and possibly even at his life. It would try his con-

stancy, his courage, and his ability. To the public the war upon the Whisky Ring was a dramatic series of arrests and trials. But in fact it was a desperate conflict of passions, interests, unscrupulous enmities, carefully organized rascalities, on one side, and on the other, the highest sense of public duty, trained address, and confident reliance upon the sympathy and support of all honest men. The public must therefore be upon its guard. The agents and influence of the Ring will seek in the most insidious way to poison the mind of "the plain people" against the Secretary. The story of his former connection with whisky thieves was a blow at his reputation aimed by the Ring, which was fortunately utterly abortive. At any moment the crafty ingenuity of those who hate him with unsparing malice may try to wound him mortally again. And this interest and combination of robbers of the public treasury would rejoice in nothing so much as the enforced retirement—in other words, the practical dismissal—from the Treasury of its most intrepid, vigorous, and honest guardian. The retirement of the Secretary would be popularly regarded as the triumph of the Ring.

The shock to public confidence we have already mentioned. What could be more alarming to the country than the disapproval upon the part of the Administration of this efficient and effective crusade against corruption? And what other moral than disapproval could the country draw if the Secretary should be asked to resign? Honest American citizens have the right to expect that the Administration of their government shall know no objects but the honest service of the people. They have the right to demand that all the weight and force and resources and sympathy of the Administration shall be at the service of the pursuer of wrong to support and strengthen his good work. If they should see any personal preference, any private feeling, intervening—still more, if the natural and logical effect of such feeling should be to paralyze energy and defeat justice—those people could not avoid the inevitable conclusion that the only sure way of restoring honesty to administration would be the utter defeat and overthrow of those who were politically responsible for an apparent want of hearty co-operation in the pursuit and punishment of crime.

We are very slow to believe that the malign influences which, in seeking the removal of the Secretary of the Treasury, strike at the public welfare and at the success and very existence of the Republican party, can prevail with the President. Naturally, as he is a man of stanch fidelity to his friends, he has been pained by the suspicions that have fallen upon his secretary. Yet while he may indignantly feel confident of his secretary's innocence of technical guilt, he can not fail to see what the whole world recognizes, that there is no doubt whatever that his secretary held the most intimate relations with men who are convicted of shameful crime. That the secretary may have been ignorant of the true character of his associates can not relieve him of the penalty of the universal law that we must be judged by our companions. But the President's great experience of men and affairs has doubtless taught him to anticipate and to frustrate the machinations of the Ring and its endeavor to excite personal hostility toward a public officer who has been tried in the fire before the steady gaze of the country, and is not found wanting. Should the rumors of which we have spoken prove to be true, and the influences which could not save the criminals shall be able to punish the brave prosecutor for the people, his fortune will be that of DE FOE. The ministry placed him in the pillory, but the grateful people did him reverence, flinging roses at his feet.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP UPON THE SCHOOLS.

BISHOP M'QUAID, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester, New York, has recently delivered a lecture in the Free-religious course in Boston, in which he stated the grounds of the Catholic hostility to the common schools. His lecture was a vigorous but courteous argument addressed to those who, as he knew, mainly differed from him, and it was the strongest presentation yet made of his view of the subject. In beginning his discourse he asserted that the responsibility of the child's education rested upon the parent. By parent he evidently meant father, and indeed he presently spoke of the father's right to the pursuit of happiness as extending to the children. But the "natural rights" of the mother in the care and education of the child are certainly not less than the father's. "Parental rights," says the bishop, "precede State rights." That, however, is an assertion which must be seriously modified to make it quite correct. Parental rights are not absolute. Their exercise is limited by the rights of the State, or of the community of parents. If the parent chooses that his children shall grow up in ignorance, he will presently find other parents justly insisting that society shall not be imperiled in that manner. And not only has the community rights, but the child also. The child has a right to be educated. It is plainly impossible to found an argument against common schools upon an alleged absolute parental right to educate or not to educate at pleasure.

The main argument of Bishop M'QUAID, however, is that the common schools are not only sectarian, but that in the nature of things they must be sectarian. He quotes the words of JOHN C. SPENCER, when Secretary of State, that vital religious doctrines will of necessity be incidentally inculcated in the course of literary and scientific instruction. Children will naturally inquire about God, Christ, the redemption, and the teacher in replying will inevitably give to his answer the color of his own sectarian or individual opinions. But while in a certain sense this is undoubtedly true, it is not really a practical objection as against the advantages of common unsectarian schools. Schools maintained at the public expense for the sole purpose of giving a limited degree of instruction in a few elementary branches of knowledge, and in which, by common consent, what are known as religious or sectarian tenets are not to be taught, can not, if they are honestly conducted—and that must be assumed if people are really in earnest—become sectarian. Nor is it probable, as Mr. SPENCER and Bishop M'QUAID suppose, that pupils who know that they are taught of God, Christ, and religious subjects in the Sunday-schools will ask many or perplexing questions upon such topics in the course of learning arithmetic and spelling and geography, or that such occasional questions as they may ask would be answered in a sectarian tone. And even if some sectarian bias should be discovered upon such occasions, the disadvantage or the injustice would not be intentional, would be in violation of the principle of the schools, and absolutely insignificant and inappreciable compared with the immense and palpable injury sure to flow from sectarian schools.

The opponents of the common schools constantly forget that they are serviceable not only as nurseries of common knowledge, but of common civil sympathy and feeling. Nothing could be more prejudicial to the public welfare than that sectarian and religious differences, which are inhuman and mischievous enough already, should be carefully fostered and deepened. What is needed is to break them down, not to build them up. The constant movement of highly civilized societies is toward their overthrow; and the Young Men's Christian Associations, although narrow and limited in their scope, are yet promoters of this good work. The severest denunciations have been hurled at the President and the Republican Conventions because of an alleged incitement of religious passions by the mere declaration that the schools ought to be unsectarian. But if those passions are even now so electric and fiery, is it good policy, is it common-sense, to favor any scheme which makes those passions more deadly? The free public school in which all the children of every nationality and of every creed meet for common instruction, which is not "religious," in the technical sense, also educates those children in a generous American sympathy, and in a true human catholicity. This result can not be achieved, indeed, without some friction, but the friction is individual and imperceptible beside the great and general advantage. Bishop M'QUAID complains that some poor people who educate their own children for conscience' sake are compelled by the free public-school system to help educate their richer neighbors' children. But the parent who feels that instruction in spelling and grammar is against his conscience because it is not then and there accompanied by teaching of the catechism is an exceptional parent, and he should be led to consider the vast compensations of the system. If the spelling and the grammar or the teaching of them contravened the child's conscience, there would be some reason in the complaint. But that is not asserted. The real objection, after all, is that the unsectarian school leaves the child's conscience free. But that is not a sound argument in a sensible community.

The bishop insists that the present school system is a failure, but he will not find many Americans who agree with him. It has abuses and imperfections unquestionably, which should be corrected, and some tendencies which are of doubtful advantage. There is no institution in the country which is watched with so general interest and jealous care. Men whom nothing else of a public nature will draw from their homes, turn out with alacrity to the school meeting, and in nothing is the quality of that interest and intelligence more apparent than in the admission of mothers and wives and sisters as well as fathers, husbands, and brothers to the school boards. The true patriotic effort should be to strengthen and improve, not to destroy, the common schools. Bishop M'QUAID should reflect that the schools of the great and leading nations are withdrawn from sectarian and ecclesiastical control as fast as the nation advances in intelligence and civilization, while the states in which they have been absolutely subjected to that control are the most ignorant, degraded, and reactionary. Convert the American free public-school system into a system of sectarian, priest-taught schools, and the progress of American liberty, intelligence, and prosperity would be at once arrested.

PERSONAL.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS take pleasure in making the announcement that Mr. CHARLES READE has a new serial story in hand, nearly finished, the publication of which will shortly be commenced in one of their periodicals.

—Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, a member of Congress from this State, and a man of wit and character, had a little scene the other day in the room of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, of which he is a member. A few days ago he went to the room of that committee with some lady friends to show them the view of the Potomac from the window, when the clerk, who is the correspondent of a prominent Democratic paper, ordered him out. Mr. TOWNSEND, who is an old man, protested that he had as much right there as the clerk, for whose appointment he had voted. The reply of the clerk was: "You may come here when the committee is in session, but not at any other time. You are a —— old rascal." Mr. TOWNSEND reported it to the committee, and declined to act while the man is retained as clerk. The cause of the insult was Mr. TOWNSEND'S speech on the Centennial. If some action is not taken by the committee, Mr. TOWNSEND will report the matter to the House. The clerk was formerly in the employ of the State Department of the Southern Confederacy.

—Mr. ADOLF KOHN, of this city, well known as an art connoisseur, has recently imported a very fine collection of oil-paintings by eminent artists, which is now on exhibition at the Kurtz Art Gallery. Many of these paintings were personally ordered by Mr. KOHN, and all were carefully selected by him during a stay of over six months in Europe. The pictures will be sold in a short time; meanwhile the gallery is open to the public, who should not miss the opportunity to examine one of the finest art collections ever brought to this city.

—Mr. JAMES WALKER, the painter of the "Battle of Lookout Mountain," writes thus to a friend in this city concerning art on the Pacific coast: "There is more and better art in San Francisco than I expected to find. The city supports an art association, to which a flourishing art school is attached, and several excellent landscape painters are meeting with encouraging success. WILLIAM BRADFORD, the painter of arctic scenes, is here for the winter, as is also Mr. HAMILTON, the well-known marine painter, of Philadelphia." Mr. WALKER'S battle picture is now on exhibition in San Francisco, where it attracts great attention. He is about to make the tour of Southern California, to study the picturesque scenery and the no less picturesque inhabitants of that region.

—That Lord LYTTON, the new Governor-General of India, will keep up a vice-regal hospitality, and be a notable giver of good dinners, is fairly inferable from the following lines written by him:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books—
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

—It is only about six years since GEORGE PEABODY died, and already ten of the large and substantial dwelling-houses he bequeathed to the working-men of London have been built, and all but one completed and occupied. This last, which is in Pimlico, will be the largest of all. It stands on five acres of ground, and affords a site for thirty-six blocks. In the aggregate the population of the PEABODY buildings is not less than 10,000 persons.

—OBED HARRINGTON, who lived for thirty-nine years in a cave in the Hoosac Mountains, Massachusetts, died the other day at an advanced age. He never did a day's work in his life, but was a professional mendicant. He was married three times, which he turned to profitable account by taking two of his wives from a neighboring town for a consideration and compelling his town to support them. The name "OBED" signifies "serving God." We are afraid that the Hoosac OBED didn't.

—Congressman HEWITT, of this city, made a forcible and pungent speech on the Consular Appropriation Bill, making several neat hits at his Democratic colleagues. When the section abolishing the consulate at Beyrout was reached, Mr. HEWITT opposed it. He explained how important was the national protection for the large college now in successful operation at Beyrout, but was outvoted. "Very well, gentlemen," said he, "if you cut off that consulate, *the Democratic party will lose the entire Presbyterian vote.*" The good Democratic Presbyterians were seized with a beautiful and pious inspiration, and that consulate was allowed to survive. Such is the vivacity of the American character.

—EZRA BAKER, of Boston, made no will to engage the leisurely and playful attention of dissatisfied relatives and sympathetic lawyers, but; just before death, gave the whole of his property to his only son, and instructed him how to distribute it.

—Lord DUDLEY, on receiving a visit from the poet ROGERS at Paris, proposed that they should go together to the Catacombs. It has often been remarked of ROGERS that, with his fine bald head, wrinkled skin, and sunken cheeks, he was more like a death's-head than any man that was ever seen alive. When the poet had spent an hour or two in the abodes of mortality, and was about to make his exit, the keeper, startled at his death-like appearance, tried to stop him, crying out: "Hallo! Get back! You have no right to come out!" ROGERS afterward complained to Lord DUDLEY that he had cruelly deserted him in this emergency. "My dear ROGERS," replied the earl, "I did not like to interfere, you looked so much at home."

—Sir GEORGE ELLIOTT, who purchased the Egyptian railways for English capitalists, commenced life as a pit-boy in the mines. He is now said to be the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a member of Parliament.

—GARIBALDI receives visitors in an arm-chair. He is supported by pillows, and is incapable of moving without crutches. The fingers of both hands are stiffened into utter rigidity, with the exception of the thumbs. His face, however, bears the hue of health, and his mind remains as vigorous as ever.

—GEORGE MACDONALD, author of *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* and other works, has in press a novel in which he attempts to combat the recently promulgated views of TYNDALL, PROCTOR, and others on the conflict between science and orthodox Christianity.

—Mr. GLADSTONE recently invited the Jubilee Singers to take tea with him. They sang "John Brown," much to the satisfaction of their host, who said, "There is real inspiration in that song."

—M. THOMÉ DE GAMOND, the well-known French engineer, who was the first to put forward in any practical shape the scheme for the submarine tunnel between France and England, and who devoted thirty years of his life to propagating his ideas, died in Paris on February 4.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Senate, on the 21st ult., passed the bill providing for the sale of United States timber lands in California, Oregon, and the Territories. The House, on the same day, passed the new Judiciary Bill, by a vote of 143 to 102.—No session was held on the 22d, the anniversary of Washington's birthday.—On the 23d, Senator Morton presented a petition, signed by over 15,000 women of Indiana and nearly 14,000 voters of the State, on the subject of temperance—firstly, asking Congress to appoint a commission to investigate and report as to the effect of the alcoholic liquor traffic; secondly, to prohibit the importation of alcoholic liquors from foreign countries; thirdly, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in the District of Columbia and Territories of the United States; and fourthly, to require total abstinence from alcoholic liquors of all civil, military, and naval officers of the United States. The Senate Finance Committee reported the following bill, with a recommendation for its passage: "*Be it enacted, etc.*, That the acts to authorize the refunding of the national debt, approved July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, be so amended that the amount of bonds bearing four and a half per cent. interest authorized to be issued be increased to $500,000,000, and that they be payable at the pleasure of the United States after thirty years from the date of their issue, instead of after fifteen years. *Second*, This act shall not be construed to authorize any increase of the total amount of bonds provided for by the acts to which this act is an amendment, nor authorize any increase whatever of the bonded debt of the United States, and all provisions of the acts to which this act is amendatory, not inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby continued in force and effect." The bill was passed on the 25th, by a vote of 51 to 5. In the House, a bill was introduced for the reorganization and reduction of the army. A bill was passed by the House prohibiting the killing of female buffalo in any of the Territories by either white men or Indians, under a penalty of $100 fine for the first offense and $1000 for the second.—On the 24th, the Senate Committee on Territories reported the House bill to amend the act of March 3, 1875, for the admission of Colorado as a State.

A sleeping-car was thrown from the track of the Harlem Railroad extension on the night of the 23d ult., near South Wallingford, Vermont. The car was burned, and Mr. Bissel, of the Sherman House, Chicago, and his son perished.

The trial of General O. E. Babcock, President Grant's private secretary, for conspiracy in the whisky frauds in the West, ended, on the 24th ult., in his prompt acquittal by the jury.

Two State Conventions were held on the 22d ult. The Indiana Republicans nominated Godlove S. Orth for Governor, and proposed Senator Morton for the Presidency. The financial plank of the platform favors the ultimate resumption of specie payments. The Republicans of Iowa adopted resolutions upholding the common-school system, favoring the speedy return to hard money, and presenting the name of ex-Speaker Blaine for the Presidency.

The National Executive Democratic Committee met in Washington on the 22d ult., and fixed upon June 27 as the time and St. Louis as the place for holding the National Democratic Presidential Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE thaw has caused disastrous floods in Germany and Hungary. Large districts are submerged, and great distress is apprehended. At Pesth a distillery, undermined by the current, fell, crushing eleven persons.

The emigrant ship *Strathmore*, bound from London for New Zealand, has been missing for nearly a year. Tidings have just come to London that she was wrecked in July last on Crozet Islands. All but forty of her passengers and crew were lost.

The Russian troops entered Khokan on the 22d ult., and were warmly welcomed by the inhabitants, who expressed great satisfaction at the incorporation of Khokan with Russia.

The Prussian Federal Council has accepted the bill passed by the Reichstag amending the penal code.

The last of the French election returns are now in. The members are classified as follows: republicans, 198; conservative republicans, 75; Bonapartists, 64; legitimists, 26; conservatives, 24; constitutionalists, 20; radicals, 17. Second ballots in 106 districts are necessary. It is expected that when all the elections are decided, the republicans will have 321 seats.

M. Buffet has resigned as President of the French Council, on the ground that he was no longer possessed of sufficient authority to conduct the administration. M. Jules Dufaure succeeds him.

The latest dispatches from Spain report further disasters to the Carlist insurgents. It is stated that Don Carlos and Lizarraga, with 24,000 men, without artillery or provisions, are in the mountainous district of Amazcuas, endeavoring to reach the French frontier. Several divisions of the royal army are marching against them.

The Sultan offers amnesty to all insurgents who return to their homes within a month. The government announces that it will have all their houses and churches which were destroyed rebuilt at its own cost, and will furnish the insurgents the means of resuming their usual avocations. The authorities on the frontier are ordered to acquaint the insurgents of the imperial decree, and afford them the necessary facilities for returning to their homes. The Vienna *Presse* says there are 28,000 Herzegovinian refugees in Dalmatia who are resolved to starve rather than go back to their homes. Another great battle has taken place in Herzegovina, near Vassoievich, in which the Turks were totally defeated.

INJURED INNOCENCE—SOUTHERN "CHIVALRY" NOT DEAD YET.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

SUO SIBI BACULO.

BUT the rabbit-man was not to be thus defrauded of his right to good society. With a quick, sharp turn he cast off the skins from his staff, and stretched that slimy implement across the way with one hand, while he held forth the other caressingly, and performed a pretty little caper.

"Allow me to pass, if you please," said Grace, attempting to look very resolute; "these are our grounds. You are trespassing."

"Now, my purty young lady," said the rabbit-man, coming so close that she could not fly, "you wouldn't be too hard, would you now? I sees a great many young maids about—but lor' there, what be they to compare with you!"

"I am sure that you do not mean any harm," replied Grace, though with much inward doubt; "nobody ever does any harm to me; but every one is so kind to me. My father is so good to all who get into any trouble. I am not worth robbing, Mr. Rabbit-man, honest as you are, no doubt. But I think that I can find a shilling for you to take home to your family."

"Now, Missy, sweet Missy, when once I seen you, how could I think of a shilling—or two? You was coming out here for to kiss me, I know; the same as I dreamed about last night. Lor' bless them bootiful eyes and lips, the most massionary man as ever was a'most would sooner have a kiss than a crown of 'em!"

"You insolent fellow, how dare you speak to me in this manner? Do you know who I am? Do you know who my father is?"

"No, Missy; but I dessay a thunderin' beak, as have sent me to prison; and now I have got you in prison, too. No comin' out wi'out paying of your fine, my dear." The dirty scamp, with an appreciative grin, laid hold of poor Grace's trembling hand, and drew her toward him, while she tried vainly to shriek, for her voice had forsaken her—when bodily down went the rabbit-man, felled by a most inconsiderate blow. He dropped so suddenly that he fetched poor Grace to her knees, by his violent grasp of her; and when he let go, she could not get up for a moment, because her head went round. Then two strong hands were put into hers; and she rose, and faced a young gentleman.

In her confusion and sense of vile indignity she did the natural thing. She staggered away to a tree, and spread both hands before her eyes, and burst forth sobbing, as if her heart would break. Instead of approaching to comfort her, the young man applied himself first to revenge. He espied on the path the stick of the prostrate rabbit-man, and laid hold of it. Then, striving to keep his conscience clear and by no means hit a man on the ground, he seized the poor dealer in fur by the neck, and propped him well up in a sapling fork. Having him thus well situated for penal operations, without any question of jurisdiction, or even of the merits of the case, he proceeded to exhaust the utility of the stick by breaking it over its owner's back. The calm wood echoed with the sound of wooden thumps, and the young buds trembled at the activity of a stick.

"Lor' a mussy, a' mussy!" cried the rabbit-man. "You be goin' outside of the bargain, Sir!"

"Oh, don't—oh, please don't!" Grace exclaimed, running forth from her retirement. "I dare say he did not know any better. He may have had a little too much beer. Poor fellow! he has had quite enough. Oh, stop, do stop, for my sake!"

"For nothing else—in the world—would I stop," said the youth, who was breathless with hitting so hard, and still looking yearningly at the stick, now splintered by so much exercise; "but if you beg him off, he gets off, of course—though he has not had half enough of it. You vile black rascal, will you ever look at a young lady in your life again?"

"Oh no, so—oh no, Sir—so help me—" cried the rabbit-man, rubbing himself all over. "Do 'ee let me whisper a word to you."

"If I see your filthy sneaking face two seconds more, I'll take a new stick to you, and a much tougher one. Out of my sight with your carrion!"

Black George, with amazement and fury, gazed at the stern and threatening countenance. Then, seeing the elbow beginning to lift, he hobbled, as fast as his bruises allowed, to his bundle of skins in the brush-wood. Then with a whimper and snivel he passed the broken staff, now thrown at him, through his savory burden, and with exaggerated limps departed.

"THE DIRTY SCAMP, WITH AN APPRECIATIVE GRIN, LAID HOLD OF POOR GRACE'S TREMBLING HAND."

"See if I don't show this to your governor," he muttered, as he turned back and scowled, when out of sight and hearing. "I never were took in so over a job in all my life afore, were I! One bull for a hiding like that!" he grumbled, as he pulled out a sovereign, and looked at it. "Five bull would hardly cover it. Why, the young cove can't a' been told nort about it. A scurvy joke—a very scurvy joke. I ain't got a bone in me as don't ache!"

Leaving him thus to pursue his departure, young Christopher Sharp, with great self-content at the good luck of this exploit, turned toward Grace, who was trembling and blushing; and he trembled and blushed in his turn at her.

"I am so sorry I have frightened you," he said, in the most submissive way; "I have done you more harm than good, I fear. I should have known better. But for the moment I really could not command myself. I hope you will not despise me for it?"

"Despise you! Can I ever thank you? But I am not fit to do any thing now. I think I had better go home, if you please. I am not likely to be annoyed again. And there is a good man in a field half-way."

"To be sure, you know best," the young man answered, cooling into disappointment. "Still, I may follow at a distance, mayn't I? The weather looks quite as if it would be dark. And at this time of year scarcely any body knows. There seem to be tramps almost every where. But I am sure I do not wish to press myself. I can go on with the business that brought me here. I am searching for the true old wind-flower."

"Oh, are you?" said Grace; "how exceedingly lucky! I can show you exactly where to find it, if only you could manage to come to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Let me see—to-morrow! Yes, I believe I have no engagements. But will you not be afraid—I mean—after that blackguard's behavior to-day? Not, of course, that he should be thought of twice—but still—oh, I never can express myself."

"I understand every word you would say," the young lady answered, decisively; "and I never mean to wander so far again. Still, when I know that you are botanizing; or rather, I mean when a gentleman is near—but I also can never express myself. You never must come—oh, I mean good-by. But I feel that you ought to be careful, because that bad man may lie in wait for you."

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS PATCH.

THAT evening Grace made one more trial to procure a little comfort in her own affairs. In the dark low parlor of the cottage, where she had lived for the last three months, with only Miss Patch and a deaf old woman for company and comfort, she sat by the fire and stitched hard, to abide her opportunity. At the corner of the table sat the good Miss Patch, with her spectacles on, and occasionally nodding over her favorite author, Ezekiel.

It was impossible for any body to look at Miss Patch and believe in any thing against her high integrity. That lofty nose, and hard-set mouth, and the fine abstracted yet benevolent gaze of those hollow gray eyes, were enough to show that here was a lady of strict moral principle and high sense of duty. Incorruptible and grandly honest, but prickly as a hedgehog with prejudice, she could not be driven into any evil course, and required no leading into what she thought the right one. And the right course to her was always the simplest of all things to discover, because it was that which led most directly to the glory of God at the expense of man. Any thing that would smite down pride, and overthrow earthly schemes, and abase the creature before the Creator—that to her mind was the thing commanded; and if it combined therewith a cut at "papal arrogance" and priestly influence, then the command was as delightful as it was imperative.

This tall and very clear-minded lady was, by an in-and-out sort of way, related to Squire Oglander. She called him her "brother;" and the Squire once (to comfort her in a vile toothache) had gone so far as to call her his "sister." Still, that, to his mind, was a piece of flattery not to be remembered when the tooth was stopped. From no pride on his part; but because of his ever-abiding execration of her father—the well-known Captain Patch.

Captain Patch was the man who married the last Squire Oglander's second wife, that is to say, our good Squire's step-mother, after the lady had dispatched her first husband, by uneasy stages, to a better world. Captain Patch took her for her life-interest under the Oglander settlement; and sterling friends of his declared him much too cheap at the money. But the Oglanders took quite the contrary view, and hated his name while he drew their cash. Yet the Captain proceeded to have a large family, of whom this Hannah Patch was the eldest.

A godly father (as a general rule) has godless children; and happily the converse of that rule holds true. The children of a godless father (scared by the misery they have seen), being acquitted of the fifth commandment, frequently go back to the first. And so it befell with almost all of that impious fellow's family. Nevertheless, the Squire, believing in the "commandment with promise," as well as the denunciation at the end of the second, kept himself clear of the Patches, so far as good manners and kindness permitted him. Miss Patch, knowing how good she was, had keenly resented this prejudice, after vainly endeavoring to beat it down. Also she felt—not ill-will—but still a melancholy forgiveness and uneasiness about the present position of Grace's poor mother, who had died in her sins, without any apology to Miss Patch.

However, put all these things as one may (according to constitution), this lady was very good in her way, and desired to make all others good. There was not one faulty point about her, so far as she could discover it; and her rule of conduct was to judge her own doings by a higher standard than was to be hoped for of any other person. Therefore, of course, for other persons she could judge what was right and godly infinitely better than they could.

"Oh, Aunty," said Grace, by way of coaxing, having found this of good service ere now—"Aunty, don't you wish it was tea-time now?"

"All meals come in their proper season. We should be grateful for them, but not greedy."

"Oh, but Aunty, you would not call it greedy to be hungry, I should hope. And you would be so hungry, if you only knew. Ah, but you won't get me to tell you, though; I have always been,

celebrated for making them. And this time I have quite surpassed myself. Now how much will you offer me to tell you what it is?"

"Grace, you are frivolous," Miss Patch answered, yet with a slight inclination of her nose toward the brown kitchen where the wood fire burned. "If our food is wholesome, and vouchsafed in proportion to our daily wants, we should lift up our hearts and be thankful. To let our minds dwell upon that which is a bodily question only, tends to degrade them, and leads us to confound the true end—the glory of our Maker—with the means to that end, which are vulgarly called victuals."

"Very well, Aunty, we will do with bread and butter. I only made my Sally-lunns for you; and if they degrade your mind, I will give them to Margery Daw, or the cottage with ten grandchildren, down at the bottom of the wood. What a treat they will have, to be sure, with them!"

"Not so, my dear. If you made them for me, I should fail in my duty if I refused them. We are ordered to be kind and courteous and long-suffering toward one another. And I know that you make them particularly well. They are quite unfit for people in that lower sphere of life. It would be quite sinful to tempt them so. They would puff them up with vanity and worldliness and pride. But if you insist upon my tasting them, my dear, in justice to your work, I think that you should see to the toasting. Poor Mrs. Daw smokes every thing."

"Of course she does. But I never meant to let her do them, Aunty. Only I wanted to be quite sure first that you would oblige me by tasting them."

"My dear, I will do so as soon as you please." The good lady shut up Ezekiel, and waited. In a few minutes back came Grace, with all things done to a nicety, each against each contending hotly whether the first human duty were to drink choice tea or to eat Sally-lunns. Miss Patch always saw her course marked out by special guidance, and devoutly thus was enabled to act simultaneously.

Grace took a little bit, now and again, to criticise her own handiwork, while with her bright eyes she watched the relaxing of the rigid countenance. "My dear," said Miss Patch, "they are excellent; and they do the greatest credit to your gifts. To let any talent lie idle is sinful. You might make a few every day, my dear."

"To be sure I will, Aunty, with the greatest pleasure. I do love to do any thing that reminds me of my dear father. Oh, Aunty, will you tell me something?"

"Yes, Grace, any thing you ask aright. Young girls, of course, must submit to those whose duty it is to guide them. Undue curiosity must be checked, as leading to perverse naughtiness. The principles, or want of principle, inculcated now by bad education, can lead to nothing else but ruin and disgrace. How different all was when I was young! My gallant and spirited father, well known as a brave defender of his country, would never have dreamed of allowing us to be inquisitive as to his whereabouts. But all things are subverted now; filial duty is a thing unknown."

"Oh, but Aunty, of course we never pretend to be half as good as you were. Still, I don't think that you can conclude that I do not love my dear father because I am not one bit afraid of him."

"Don't cry, child. It is foolish and weak, and rebellious against Divine wisdom. All things are ordered for our good."

"Then crying must be ordered for our good, or we should be able to help it, ma'am. But you can't call it 'crying,' when I do just what I do. It is such a long and lonely time; and I never have been away more than a week at a time from my darling father until now; and now it is fifteen weeks and five days since I saw him! Oh, it is dreadful to think of!"

"Very well, my dear; it may be fifty weeks, or fifty years, if the Lord so wills. Self-command is one of the very first lessons that all human beings must learn."

"Yes, I know all that. And I do command myself to the very utmost. You know that you praised me—quite praised me—yesterday; which is a rare thing for you to do. What did you say then? Please not to retract, and spoil the whole beauty of your good word."

"No, my dear child, you need not be afraid. Whenever you deserve praise, you shall have it. You saw an old sack with the name of 'Beckley' on it, and although you were silly enough to set to and kiss it, as if it were your father, you positively did not shed one tear!"

"For which I deserve a gold medal at least. I should like to have it for my counterpane; but you sent it away most ruthlessly. Now I want to know, Aunty, how it came to be here—miles, leagues, longitudes, away from darling Beckley?"

Miss Patch looked a little stern again at this. She perceived that her duty was to tell some stories, in a case of this kind, wherein the end justified the means so paramountly. Still, every new story which she had to tell seemed to make her more cross than the one before; whether from accumulated adverse score, or from the increased chances of detection.

"Sacks arrive and sacks depart," she answered, as if laying down a dogma, "according to the decrees of Providence. Ever since the time of Joseph, sacks have had their special mission. Our limited intelligence can not follow the mundane pilgrimage of sacks."

"No, Aunty, of course, they get stolen so! But this particular sack I saw had on it the name of a good honest man, one of the very best men in Beckley—Zachary Cripps, the carrier. His name did bring things to my mind so—all the parcels and good nice things that he carries as if they were made of glass; and the way my father looks over the hedge to watch for his cart at the turn of the lane; and his pretty sister Etty sitting up as if she didn't want to be looked at; and old Dobbin splashing along, plod, plod; and our Mary setting her cap at him vainly; and the way he goes rubbing his boots, as if he would have every one of the nails out; and then dearest father calling out, 'Have you brought us her Majesty's new crown, Cripps?' and Cripps, putting up his hand like that, and grinning as if it was a grand idea, and then slyly peeping round where the beer jug hangs—oh, Aunty, shall I ever see it all again?"

"Well, Grace, you will lose very little if you don't. It is one of my brother's worst failings that he gives away fermented liquor to the lower orders inconsiderately. It encourages them in the bad habits to which they are only too prone, even when discouraged."

"Oh no, Aunty! Cripps is the soberest of men. And he does take his beer with such a relish, it is quite a treat to see him. Oh, if I could only see his old cart now, jogging along, like a man with one prong!"

"Grace! Miss Oglander! Your metaphor is of an excessively vulgar description."

"Is it, Aunty? Then I am very sorry. I am sure I didn't mean any harm at all. Only I was thinking of the way a certain one-legged fiddler walks—but, Aunty, all this is so frivolous! With all the solemn duties around us, Aunty—"

"Yes, my dear, I do wish you would think a little more of them. Every day I do my best. Your nature is not more corrupt than must be, with all who have the sad *phronema sarkos*; but, unhappily, you always exhibit, both in word and action, something so—I will not use at all a harsh word for it—something so sadly unsolemn."

"What can I do, Aunt? It really is not my fault. I try for five minutes together to be solemn. And then there comes something or other—how can I tell how?—that proves too much for me. My father used to love to see me laugh. He said it was quite the proper thing to do. And he was so funny (when he had no trouble) that without putting any thing into any body's head, he set them all off laughing. Aunty, you would have been amused to hear him. Quite in the quiet time, almost in the evening, I have known my father make such beautiful jokes, without thinking of them, that I often longed for the old horn lantern, to see all the people laughing. Even you would laugh, dear Aunty, if you only heard him."

"The laughter of fools is the crackling of thorns. Grace, you are nothing but a very green goose. Even a stray lamb would afford me better hopes. But knock at the wall with the poker, my dear, that Margery Daw may come in to prayers."

CHAPTER XXVI.

RUTS.

There are few things more interesting than ruts; regarded at the proper time, and in the proper manner. The artists, who show us so many things unheeded by our duller selves, have dwelled on this subject minutely, and shown their appreciation of a few good ruts. But they are a little inclined sometimes to mark them too distinctly, scarcely making due allowance for the vast diversity of wheels, as well as their many caprices of wagging, according to the state of their washers, the tug of the horse, and their own wearing, and a host of other things. Each rut, moreover, has a voice of its own; not only in its first formation, but at every period of depression in the muggy weather, or rough rebellion in a fine black frost, and, above all other times, in the loose insurrection of a thaw. There always is a bit of something hard and something soft in it; jags that contradict all things with a jerk; and deep subsidence, soft as flattery.

There scarcely could be a finer sample of ruts than was afforded by a narrow lane or timber track at the extreme northwestern outskirt of Stow forest. Every thing here was favorable to the very finest growth of ruts. The road had once been made, which is a necessary foundation for any masterpiece of rut-work; it then had been left to maintain itself, which encourages wholesome development. Another great advantage was that the hard uniformity of straight lines had no chance here of prevailing. For though the course was not so crooked, as in some lanes it may have been, neither was there hedge, or rail, or other mean constriction; yet some fine old trees insisted now and then, from either side, upon their own grand right of way, and stretched great arms that would sweep any driver or horseman backward from his seat, unless he steered so as to double them.

Now therefore to one of these corners came, from out the thicket of under-wood, a stout man with a crafty slouch and a wary and suspicious glance. He had thrown a sack over his long white smock, whether to save it from brambles, or to cover its glare in the shady wood; for his general aspect was that of a man who likes to see all things, but not to be seen. And now as he stooped to examine the ruts at a point where they clearly defined themselves, either from habit, or for special reason, he kept as far back by the briery ditch as he could without loss of near insight.

This man, being a member of the great Cripps race—whether worthy or not of that stanch lineal excellence—had a hereditary perception of the right way to examine a rut. It would have been easy enough, perhaps, in a lane of little traffic, to judge whether any thing lately had passed, with the weather and ground as usual. But to-day—the day after what has been told of—both weather and ground had just taken a turn as abrupt as if both were feminine. The smile of soft spring was changed into a frown, and the glad young buoyancy of the earth into a stiff sort of feeling, not frozen or crisp, but as happens to a man when a shiver of ague vibrates through a genial perspiration. To put it more clearly, the wind had chopped round to the east, and was blowing keenly—a masterful, strongly pronounced, and busily energetic east wind, as superior to hypocrisy as it was to all claims of mercy. At the sound and the feel of its vehement sweep, surprise and alarm ran through the wood; and the nestling-places of the sun ruffled up like a hen that calls her chicks to her. The foremost of the buds of the tall trees shook; not as they shake to a west wind, but with a sense of standing naked; the twigs that carried them flattened upward, having lost all pleasure; the branches, instead of bowing kindly (as they do to any other wind), also went upward, with a stiff cold back, and a hatred at being treated so. Many and many a little leaf, still snug in its own overcoat, shrunk back, and preferred to defer all the joys of the sky, if this were a sample of them. And many and many a big leaf (thrust, without any voice of its own, on the world) had no chance of sighing yet, but whistled on the wind, and felt it piping through its fluted heart; and knowing what a liver-colored selvage must come round its green, bewailed the hour that coaxed it forth from the notched and tattered and cast-off frizzle, dancing by this time the wind knows where.

Because the east wind does what no other wind of the welkin ever does. It does not come from the good sky downward, bringing higher breath to us; nor even on the level of the ancient things, spreading average movement. This alone of all winds strikes from the face of the good earth upward, sweeping the blush from the skin of the land, and wrinkling all who live thereon. That is the time when the very best man finds little to rejoice in; unless it be a fire of seasoned logs, or his own contrariety; the fur of all animals (being their temper) moves away and crawls on them; and even bland dogs and sweet horses feel each several hair at issue with their well-brushed conscience.

All of that may be true; and yet there may be so many exceptions. At any rate, Master Leviticus Cripps looked none the worse for the whole of it. His cheeks were of richly varied fibre, like a new-shelled kidney-bean; his mouth (of a very considerable size) looked comfortable and not hungry; and all around him there was an influence tending to intimate that he had dined.

For that he did not care as he should. He was not a man who allowed his dinner to modify his character. The best streaky bacon and three new-laid eggs had nurtured and manured his outer man, but failed to improve him inwardly. Even the expression of his face was very slightly mollified by a first-rate meal; though some of the corners looked lubricated.

"Hath a' been by again, or hath a' not?" whispered Tickuss to himself, as he stared at a tangled web of ruts, and blessed the east wind for confounding of them, so that a wheel could not swear to its own. The east wind answered with a scolding dash, that cast his sack over his head, and shook out his white smock, scattering over the view, like a jack-towel on the washing-line. Acknowledging this salutation with a curse, Leviticus gathered his sack more tightly, and bending one long leg before him, stealthily peered awry at the wheel tracks. This was the way to discover whatever had happened last among them, instead of looking across or along them, where the nicer shades would fail.

At first he could make but little of it. The east wind, whirling last year's leaves from the couches where the west had piled them, and parching the flakes of the mud (as if exposed upon a scraper), had made it a hard thing to settle the date of the transit even of a timber dray. One of these had passed not long ago, with a great trunk swinging and swagging on the road, and slurring the scallops of the horse track.

Therefore Tickuss, for some time, looked less wise than usual, and scratched his head. The brain replied, as it generally does, to this soft local stimulant so briskly in fact that the master soon was able to clap both his hands into their natural home—the pockets of his breeches—and thus to survey the scene, and grin.

"Did 'ee think to do me, then, old brother Zac? Now did 'ee, did 'ee, did 'ee? Ah, I were aborn afore you, Zac; or if I were not, it were mother's mistake. Go along wi' 'ee, Zac, go along wi' 'ee! Go home to thy cat and thy little kitten, Etty."

He knew, by the track, that his brother had passed a good while ago, or he would not have dared to speak in this rebellious vein. And what he said next was even more disloyal.

"Danged if I ain't a gude mind to hornstring that old hosebird of a Dobbin; ay, and I wull too, if Zac cometh prowling round my place, like this. If a' didn't mane no trachery, why dothn't a' come in, and call for a horn of ale and a bite of cold bakkon? Ho! ho! we've a pretty well stopped him of that, though. No Master Zac now; go thine own ways. Keep thyzell to thyzell's the law of the land, to my thinking."

Now a year, or even six months ago, Leviticus Cripps would sooner have lost a score of pigs than make such a speech, inhospitable, unnatural, unbrotherly, and violently un-Crippsian. Nothing but his own bad conscience (as he fell more and more away from honor and due esteem for Beckley) could have suggested to him such a low and crooked view of Zachary. The carrier was not, in any measure, spying or prowling, or even watching. Such courses were out of his track altogether. Rather would he have come with a fist, if the family honor demanded it, and therewith have converted his brother's olfactory organ into something loftier, as the medium of a sense of honesty.

In bare point of fact, the family honor demanded this vindication. But the need had not as yet been conveyed to the knowledge of the executive power. Zachary had no suspicion at present of his brother's fearful lapse. And the only thing that brought him down that lane was another stroke of business in the washing line. Squire Corser had married a new sort of wife with a tendency toward the nobility; wherefore a monthly wash was out of keeping with her loftier views, though she had a fine kitchen-garden; and she cried, till the Squire put the whole of it out, and sent it every week to Beckley. Hence a new duty for Dobbin arose, which he faced with his usual patience, simply reserving his right to travel at the pace he considered expedient, and to have a stronger and deeper bottom stitched to his old nose-bag.

The first time the carrier traversed that road, fraternal duty impelled him to make all proper inquiries concerning the health of his brother and the character of his tap. But though the reply upon both these points was favorable and pleasing, Zachary met with so queer a reception, that dignity and self-respect compelled him to vow that for many a journey he would pass with a dry mouth, rather than turn in. Of all the nephews and nieces who loved to make him their own carrier, by sitting astride perhaps two on each leg, and one on each oolitic vamp, and shouting "Gee, gee," till he panted worse than Dobbin obese with young saintfoin—likewise who always jumped up in his cart, and laid hold of the reins and the whip even, and wore out the patience of any other horse except the horse before them—of all these delightful young pests, not one was now permitted to come near him. And not only that, which alone was very strange, but even Susannah, the wife of Leviticus, and sister-in-law of Zachary, evidently had upon her tongue laid a dumb weight of responsibility. Quite as if Zac were an interloper, or an inquisitive stranger, thrusting a keen but unjustified nose into things that were better without it. Susannah was always a very good woman, and used to look up to Zachary, because her father was a basket-maker; and even now she said no harm; but still there was something about her, when she muttered that she must go and wash the potatoes, timid, and cold, and unhearty-like.

The carrier made up his mind that they all were in trouble about their mortgage again; just as they were about six months back, when the land was likely to be lost to them. And finding it not a desirable thing to be called upon to contribute, he jogged well away from all such tactics, with his pockets buttoned. Not that he would have grudged any good turn to any one of his family; but that his strong common-sense allowed him no faith in a liar. And for many years he had known that Tickuss was the liar of the family.

Leviticus took quite a different view of the whole of this proceeding. He was under no terror about his mortgage, for reasons as yet quite private; and his thick shallow cunning, like an under-ground gutter, was full of its own rats only. He was certain that Zac had suspected him, in spite of the care he had taken to keep his wife and children away from him; and believing this, he was certain also that Zac was playing the spy on him.

While he was meditating thus in his slow and turbid mind, and turning away from the corner of the road toward his beloved pig lairs, the rattle of the sharp east wind was laden with a softer and heavier sound—the hoofs of a horse upon sod and mud. Tickuss, with two or three long strides, got behind a crooked tree, so as to hide or exhibit himself, according to what should come to pass.

What came to pass was a horse, in the first place, of good family and good feed; and on his back a man who shared in at least the latter excellence. These two were not coming by the forest lane, but along a quiet narrow track, which cut off many of its corners. To judge of the two which looked the more honest would have required another horse in council with another man. At sight of this arrival Tickuss came forth, and scraped humbly.

"Don't stand there, like a monkey at a fair!" cried Mr. Sharp—for he it was, and no mistake about him. "Am I to come through the brambles to you? Can't you come up, like a man with his wits, where this beastly wind doesn't blow so hard? Who can hear chaw-bacon talk off there?"

Leviticus Cripps made a vast lot of gestures, commending the value of caution, and pointing to the lane half a hundred yards off, as if it contained a whole band of brigands. Mr. Sharp was not a patient man, and he knew that there was no danger. Therefore he swore pretty freely, until the abject lord of swine restored him to a pleasant humor by a pitiful tale of black George's trouble on the previous afternoon.

"Catching it? Ay, and no mistake!" Tickuss Cripps repeated; "the dust from his jacket—oh lor', oh lor'! I had followed on softly to see the fun, without Missy knowing I were near, of course; and may I never—if I didn't think a' would a'most have killed 'un! Ho! ho! it'll be a good round week, I reckon, afore Jarge stitcheth up a ferret's mouth again. He took me in terrible that very morning; he were worse took in hiszell afore the arternoon was out. Praise the Lard for all his goodness, Sir!"

"Well, well. It shall be made up to him. But of course you did not let him, or any one else, get any idea who the lady is."

"Governor, no man hath any sense of that," Leviticus answered, with one finger on his nose, "save and excep' the old lady to the cottage, and you and I, and you knows whether there be any other."

"Leviticus Cripps, no lies to me! Of course your own wife has got the whole thing out of you."

"Her!" replied Tickuss, with a high contempt, for which he should have had his ears boxed. "No, no, master, a' would have been all over Hoxford months ago if her had knowed ort of it. Her knoweth, of course, there be zumbody up to cottage with old lady; but her hath zucked in the American story, the same as every body else have. Who would ever drame of our old Squire's daughter, when the whole world hath killed and buried her? But none the less for that I kep her and the children out of the way of our Zac, I did. 'Um might go talking on the volk up to cottage;

and Zac would be for goin' up with one of his cards parraventur. Lor', how old Zac's eyes would come out of his head! The old bat-fowl—a' would crack my zides to see 'un!"

"You had better keep your fat sides sound and quiet," Mr. Sharp answered, sternly; for the slow wits of Tickuss being tickled by that rare thing, an imagination, the result was of course a guffaw whose breadth was exceeded only by its length. "Oh lor'! oh lor'!—to see the old bat-fowl with the eyes comin' out of the head of 'un! I'll be danged if I shouldn't choke—oh lor'!"

Mr. Sharp saw that Tickuss, being once set off, might be trusted to go on for at least half an hour, with minute-guns of cackling, loutish, self-glorifying cachinnation, as amenable to reason as a hiccough is. The lawyer's time was too precious to waste thus, so having learned all that he cared to learn, and hearing wheels in the forest lane, he turned back along the narrow covert ride; and he thought within himself, for he never mused aloud—"My bold stroke bids fair to be a great success. Nobody dreams that the girl is here. She herself believes every word that she is told. Kit is over head and ears; and she will be the same with him after that fine rescue. Our only marplot has been laid by the heels at the very nick of time. We have only to manage Kit himself—who is a most confounded soft. The luck is with me, the luck is with me; and none shall be the wiser. Only give me one month more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1876.

Sunday, 12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

APRIL.

Sunday, 2.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 9.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday, 14.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday, 23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

THE question, What is an "evangelical Christian?" has come up before a court of law. In a village of Northwestern Pennsylvania a church was built, mainly by Methodists, but with the aid of some of their neighbors, the agreement being that other evangelical Christians should have the use of the edifice when the Methodists did not require it for religious service. Last summer a Universalist minister coming to fill an appointment was barred out, so that he and his friends had to obtain entrance by breaking the door and window fastenings. For this they were arrested. They have filed a bill in equity, in which they claim that, being "evangelical," they are entitled to the use of the house, in accordance with the terms of the original subscriptions. Their claim to the designation "evangelical" is denied by the other party. According to the *Christian Register*, from which this story comes, the case has been referred to a Master in Equity.

The great revival goes on throughout the country apparently without abatement. Mr. EARLE is expected soon to visit West Troy. Mr. HAMMOND is listened to by large congregations in Washington. At Beloit, Wisconsin, places of business are generally closed evenings, and people go to church. At the Methodist Mariners' Bethel, Philadelphia, from 1200 to 1500 persons are in attendance every night. In the Wilmington Methodist Conference as many as 2000 accessions to the churches are reported. A similar religious interest prevails in York, Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown, Maryland. The preaching and singing of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in this city attract as numerous hearers as at the first. As many attend as can be accommodated. The "revival," as it is now familiarly called, is not limited to any one denomination, but appears to pervade them all.

The following amendment of the Constitution of the State of New York, designed to protect the common-school system, has been offered in the Assembly by Mr. CARROLL E. SMITH, chairman of the Committee on Education:

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That Article IX. of the Constitution be amended by the addition of the following sections:

SECTION 2. The State shall maintain a system of common schools which shall be free forever. The Legislature shall provide for the instruction in the branches of rudimentary education, for the period of at least twenty-eight weeks in each year, of all persons in the State between the ages of five and twenty-one years, annually raising therefor, by tax upon the real and personal estate in the respective counties, the sum of not less than $3,000,000.

SECTION 3. Neither the money nor the credit of the State, nor of any county, town, or municipal corporation, shall be given or loaned to, or be otherwise applied to the support of, any school or schools under the control of any religious sect or denomination, or to any school or schools not wholly the property of the State, or of the county, city, town, or village in which they are located.

Dr. EDWARD BEECHER has been appointed by the Congregational pastors of New York and its vicinity to present at their May meeting a paper on "The Congregational Clergymen of the Revolution." The mover of the resolution, referring to the theory of pre-existence advanced in Dr. BEECHER'S *Conflict of Ages*, remarked that the paper would contain his "Recollections of the Colonial Clergy."

The Duke of Norfolk has published an appeal to the Roman Catholics of England in behalf of the Catholic clergy of Germany. He represents a committee consisting of Lord PETRE, Lord ARUNDEL, and others, who have investigated the effect of the FALCK laws upon the priests, and report the following facts. The amount of state payments withdrawn from the priests is £135,000 to £150,000 annually. The number of priests whose income has thereby been cut off, either wholly or in part, is 10,000. Of course all of these sufferers can have their stipends restored by simply entering into a written engagement to obey the laws of the state, but, says the appeal, "the FALCK laws are simply incompatible with the practice of the Catholic religion, providing, as they do, that the education of the clergy shall be conducted in state universities in which anti-Christian principles are openly taught, that no disciplinary power shall be exercised in Prussia by the Pope, and that bishops may be deposed by the sentence of a purely civil court." The Duke of Norfolk admits that the Catholic laity of Germany are unable to support their priests, and calls for help.

The religious interest awakened in Great Britain by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY has not disappeared with their departure. Major COLE, of Chicago, has been holding services in the north of England, following the route of MOODY and SANKEY, and was last in Glasgow. The Edinburgh Sunday breakfasts for the poor are still kept up. It is now over a year since the first was given. Mr. AITKEN, of the Church of England, has been holding crowded meetings in the Dome, at Brighton. Mr. MÜLLER, of the Orphan Asylum, of Bristol, has been preaching at Victoria Hall, Liverpool. On Sunday, January 9, 7000 persons were addressed by him. He has also during the winter held services in Leamington. Revivals are also reported in the islands of Iona and Ross, on the west coast of Scotland.

A strange story comes from Minnesota. Two citizens of St. Cloud make complaint that the County School Superintendent permits the Catholic priest to teach the Catholic Catechism in the schools of District No. 1 on two afternoons of each week. At 3 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays the Protestant children are sent home, and the school is given up to the Catholics. One of the text-books used in these schools is a reader with this title: "*The Biblical History of the Old and New Testaments for the Catholic People's Schools of the United States of North America.* Prepared by a Priest of the Diocese of Basel, with the Approbation of the Right Reverend Bishops of Basel, etc. Published by BENZIGER BROTHERS." Is this a sample of the change which our Catholic friends wish to see effected in our public-school system? If so, forewarned is forearmed.

The Temperance Reform clubs in Maine have lately celebrated their anniversaries with great enthusiasm. That at Auburn has 400 members. The Lewiston club celebrated its first anniversary on February 28. Another club has been organized in Augusta. Many of the members of these associations are persons who have been addicted to drinking. The meetings are held on Sundays, and are characterized by great fervor.

As an instance of great activity on the part of Christian young men, it may be mentioned that during the past three months 209 meetings have been held in twenty-two towns of Maine by committees of the State Christian Association. As a result, numerous additions have been made to the churches.

Bishop BOURGET, of Montreal, has issued a pastoral against liberalism, which he describes as "the devil, who, disguised in the shape of the old serpent, is now present in the midst of us." His people are forbidden to read liberal papers under a penalty of a refusal of the sacraments.

The Presbytery of Philadelphia (Central) has unanimously rejected the Assembly's overture for Synodical representation as a substitute for the present system. A committee of the Presbytery, of which Dr. MUSGRAVE was chairman, presented a plan for reducing the number of Commissioners to the General Assembly, which was approved. It divides the Presbyteries into four classes—the first, composed of Presbyteries having less than twenty members; the second, of Presbyteries having more than twenty and less than fifty; the third, of Presbyteries having more than fifty and less than one hundred; the fourth, of Presbyteries having one hundred and more members. Under this plan Presbyteries of the first class will have one Commissioner, those of the second class two, those of the third class four, and those of the fourth class six Commissioners. The number of Commissioners to the Assembly would, under its operation, be reduced to about 315.

The Legislature of the Territory of New Mexico has passed a law taxing all church property, with the exception of church buildings and furniture. A bill incorporating the Jesuits and exempting their property from taxation was lately defeated. The law taxing church lands will greatly affect the Catholic bishops, who are large owners of real estate.

A very important case, involving the powers of city corporations to make grants of money to private religious and charitable associations, has recently been decided in Baltimore. An injunction was granted some time since, restraining the authorities of that city from paying over money appropriated to the St. Mary's Industrial School, St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, House of the Good Shepherd, Little Sisters of the Poor, St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's House of Industry, Union Protestant Infirmary, Maryland Institute, Baltimore Eye and Ear Institute, Hebrew Hospital, and other institutions, sectarian and unsectarian. On the question of dissolving the injunction or making it perpetual, Judge PINKNEY ruled that the validity of the ordinance making the appropriations depended on the terms of the city charter. He laid down the broad principle "that municipal corporations can exercise no powers but such as are expressly granted to them, or such as are necessary to enable them to discharge their duties and to carry into effect the objects and purposes of their creation, that the authority conferred upon them is to be fairly but strictly construed, and that all acts beyond the scope of the powers granted are void." The charter of Baltimore conferring no specific power to grant the appropriations to the private corporations named, the injunction was made perpetual. An exception was allowed in favor of a few charitable institutions which proved special contracts for aid from the city as a condition of organization. An appeal has been taken from the decision. It is important as a sign of the growing disposition to check the free appropriation of city money to private associations, which has become one of the great abuses of our times. At the Baltimore Methodist Preachers' Meeting, held on Monday, February 21, the Rev. Dr. LANAHAN moved the calling of a convention to protest against the procuring of special legislation in aid of the associations enjoined by Judge PINKNEY. It was finally decided, on suggestion of Bishop AMES, to seek legal advice as to the best measures to be taken by those who are opposed to these city grants.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LOCAL newspapers published in the various towns of Colorado and Wyoming indicate that the Black Hills mining fever is raging high in that section of country, and appears to be affecting more or less the unemployed population of the whole West. Expeditions to the new land of gold are constantly being fitted out from St. Louis, Sedalia, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne, Sioux City, St. Paul, etc. The mild winter has served to swell the throng of enthusiasts, to whom the idea that every man may dig out his own gold in dust and nuggets is a tempting gilded picture. Many of the Western papers fan the excitement by publishing statements purporting to be from successful miners who are taking out gold at a rapid rate. Evidently there is another side to the subject, which is not presented so fully, for there are private accounts of discouraged and disgusted miners who are begging their way homeward. No doubt that those Western cities through which the tide of emigration runs will enjoy new life and reap large profits while the fever lasts; but the more sensible and thoughtful of the inhabitants have little faith in this rush to the new El Dorado. Doubtless there are exceptional instances where a fortune is suddenly gained, but, on the average, more money would be made by steady honest effort at home than in this hazardous venture. It is said that not less than a thousand men are now waiting in the single city of Cheyenne for transportation to the gold region. Cheyenne is about five hundred miles from Omaha, contains nearly four thousand inhabitants in addition to the floating population, and has numerous stores, two banks, a few good hotels, and plenty of ordinary boarding-houses. The cost of living in Cheyenne is said to be considerably higher than in New York. At Custer City and Hill City, the principal camping points in the eastern section of the Black Hills region, provisions are exceedingly high; and it is considered doubtful whether the supplies there are in any event sufficient to prevent great suffering among those now in camp and those on their way thither.

The American Social Science Association will hold its next session at Philadelphia, beginning May 31, and continuing three days. The Convention will consider the subject of city homes, and will invite information from prominent builders and building associations in regard to working-men's homes. It is proposed also to bring together a conference of delegates representing the workmen of the great industries of the United States, and possibly of England.

In 1874 there were published in Germany 12,070 different literary works; in 1875 there were 12,516 issued. Only about 900 of this latter number were devoted to fiction and the drama—a fact which indicates plainly the solid character of the reading as a whole.

Massachusetts is doing a good work by giving instruction in its public schools in drawing for industrial purposes.

Seven graduates of the Nurses' Training School recently received their diplomas at Bellevue Hospital, after having passed with credit a two years' course of instruction and practice in that institution.

It is suggested in the London *Lancet* that there should be an extension of the "Workshops Regulation Act" which would compel the registration and inspection of all rooms in which the making of wearing apparel for sale is carried on. It appears that in England as well as in this country epidemic diseases are frequently spread by tailors and seamstresses. Garments are made up in the homes of work-people who are not only unclean and unhealthy, but who are suffering from such diseases as scarlet fever or even small-pox. The *Lancet* mentions several instances of work being carried on in rooms where some person was sick with scarlet fever, and of garments being handled by those who were recovering from that disease, thus scattering far and wide the contagion.

The following good story is told of a Worcester gentleman who recently sent a fine French clock to a jeweler to be repaired, with the request that each item of repair should be specifically stated. The "bill of particulars" was rendered as follows:

To removing alluvial deposit and oleaginous conglomerate from clock *à la French*	$0 50
To replacing in appropriate juxtaposition the constituent components of said clock	0 50
To lubricating with oleaginous solution the apex of pinions of said clock	0 50
To adjusting horologically the isochronal mechanism of said clock	0 50
To equalizing the acoustic resultant of escape-wheel percussion upon the verge pallets of said clock	0 50
To adjusting the distance between the centre of gravity of the pendulum and its point of suspension, so that the vibration of the pendulum shall cause the index hand to indicate approximately the daily arrival of the sun at its meridian height	0 50
Total	$3 00

"Pronouncing matches" are being substituted, as a variety, in the place of "spelling matches." There is a long list of words—some in very common use, others more rare—which are constantly mispronounced by well-educated persons; there are also many words which have two authorized pronunciations; and some social investigation of orthoepy would be both useful and entertaining.

The work of arranging and cataloguing the Lenox Library is being rapidly pushed forward. The cost of the land and building has been about $900,000. The books and art treasures are understood to be extremely valuable.

Cows are not usually credited with remarkable acuteness, but the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth* gives a remarkable instance of the exercise of maternal love in a cow. The mother of a handsome calf had just crossed the railroad track one day, when the passenger train appeared. She hastened toward the fence, but, looking back, saw her offspring on the track. She made a piteous but useless appeal to the foolish little creature to follow her; but on came the train, and the calf stood still. The engineer tried to frighten the calf away by sounding the whistle, but in vain. When the train was within ten rods of the silly calf, the mother made a rush for it, caught it on her horns, and bore it away in safety.

The physical ailments of the community seem likely to be more fully cared for in the future than ever before. The advent into the medical profession of 159 graduates from Bellevue Hospital Medical College must fill many niches in the country round about. The Commencement exercises took place on February 21 in the Academy of Music. About one-third of the graduates are from New York State. On the same day twenty-seven new dentists graduated from the New York College of Dentistry.

Longfellow's *Evangeline* has been translated into Portuguese by Dom Miguel Street d'Arriaga, a native of the Azores, and editor of the newspaper *Fayalense*. The manuscript translation has been sent to this country for the approval of Mr. Longfellow.

No less than 14,000 rockets were taken with the *Serapis* for pyrotechnic purposes during the stay of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in India; but the fleet is said to have nearly exhausted its store, and several thousands more have been manufactured in the royal laboratory, and will be transmitted to Bombay with all dispatch. None of the rockets issued from the government works were for displays on shore, those being chiefly arranged by private manufacturers from England.

George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* is to be published in England in eight monthly divisions, at five shillings each.

Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaievna, whose death occurred recently, was the second of the children of the late Emperor Nichelas, and was born August 6, 1819. She was married in 1839 to Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt, who died in 1852. The Grand Duchess was married morganatically in 1856 to Count Straganoff, a member of a highly distinguished noble family of Russia, a colonel of the Guard and imperial equerry.

In the days when the old ninepence (valued at twelve and a half cents) was current coin in this country, a tall specimen of humanity from the mountains entered a store in Conway, New Hampshire. He looked around a while, and then drew from his pocket a battered ninepence, and pointing to a roll of lozengers, asked,

"Say, mister, how much d'ye ask for them?"

"Two cents," was the reply.

"Wa'al, I'll hev a roll. What do you ask for them apples?"

"Two for a cent."

"Wa'al, let's see. I'll hev one of 'em; that'll be half a cent, and the lorsengers two cents—just two cents and a half. You ken take it aout of this 'ere ninepence, and give me back ten cents."

The store-keeper did not refuse; the story, he thought, was worth more than two cents and a half.

At the Sèvres porcelain-manufactory a number of workshops for mosaics are about to be opened. When they are ready, persons wishing to study the manner of fabrication and the employment of materials necessary to the composition of mosaics will be gratuitously admitted.

A Maine paper tells the following good dog story: "Yesterday, as the morning train over the Rochester road was nearing Alfred, the engineer discovered a large Newfoundland dog on the track. He blew the whistle, but the dog stood his ground, and thinking something was wrong, the engineer whistled down brakes, and the engine stopped within a few feet of the dog. It seems that a four-ox load of logs had attempted to cross the track, but the sled caught on the rails. The driver heard the train approaching round a curve, and rushed down the track to stop it. His dog took in the situation, and dashed around the curve and stopped the train. It would have been impossible to stop the train after seeing the man."

Among art contributions from Germany at the Centennial Exhibition, there is expected a huge bronze statue of Prince Bismarck, executed by Herr Munger.

Story of an Irish jury at Tralee. A young man was on trial for embezzlement. The jury acquitted him, on the ground of a "mistake." The judge asked an explanation.

"We believe," said the foreman, "it was all a mistake of the poor man, your worship."

"But," rejoined the judge, "the case was fully proved, gentlemen."

"It was," remarked one of the jurors, "his first offense of the kind, your worship."

"We did not like to be hard upon the poor fellow," added another juror.

"But," replied the judge, "that will not do for the administration of justice."

"Oh, Sir," exclaimed a third juror, "do let the poor fellow go now."

Of course the "poor fellow" was "let go," as other "poor fellows" are "let go," for similar reasons, in other countries.

A Western exchange tells its readers how "to mind their P's" in the following paragraph:

"Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket-book kept plethoric by prompt-paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it."

An exchange gives as a reason why paint peels from buildings that nearly all the oil now sold as pure linseed is largely made up of porgy oil. The nature of this fish oil is entirely different from that made from seed, and it does not dry nearly so readily. Paint a surface with lead and porgy oil, and in a few hours you can pass the hand lightly over it with impunity, but press the finger on it and push slightly, and you will find, even after it has been on several days, that the paint has not "set," but the outer skin can be easily removed, leaving that next the wood as soft nearly as when first put on. The way to prevent the paint from peeling off is to let each coat—and particularly the first—remain from ten days to several weeks before applying another coat.

"GONE!"—SCENE IN A LONDON RAILWAY STATION—DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR LIVERPOOL.

Ay! mark ye well the anguish of the parting:
That cry of "Gone!"
Is wrung from hearts through which fierce pain is darting,
All hope withdrawn;
The souls of women and of children smarting,
While life drags on.

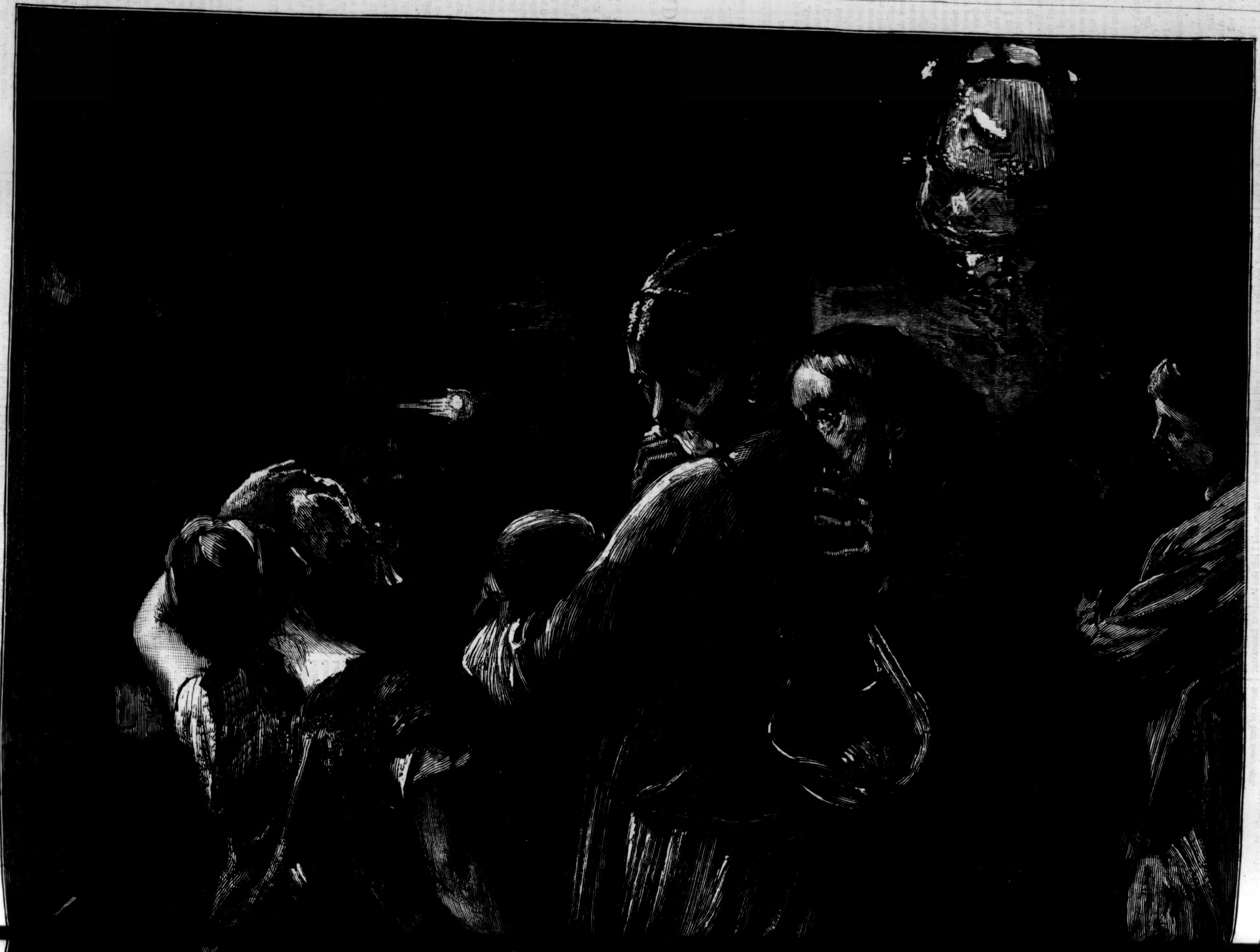
Childless!—but not through Heaven's divine affliction—
Is helpless age;
And husbandless!—oh! sorrow beyond fiction;
Words can not gauge!
And fatherless!—where lies the benediction
That can assuage?

Speak not to them. The words of consolation
No help reveal.
Within that awful hour of separation,
Think what they feel;
Bearing the pain with lowly resignation
That gold might heal.

Their lips are dumb. The instinct of expression,
They know it not.
To bear the woes that fall in quick succession
Is all their lot;
They form no scheme that leads them toward redression,
While tears fall hot.

Then gaze with coldness on their voiceless wailing—
Ay! if you can;
Think of the wanderer on the ocean sailing,
Thou richer man!
Couldst thou not bear his anguish without quailing?
Then find some plan.

Such misery is not of Heaven's sending,
For gold can cure;
The sorrows that are not beyond earth's mending,
Let none endure.
"With you," cries One, in clouds of light ascending,
"I leave my poor!"



INDIAN SUMMER.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Weep, weep, November rain;
White mist, drop like a shroud
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain;
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,
Dash all the dead leaves from the quivering boughs;
And wail about the house,
O melancholy wind,
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,
Out of yon cloudless blue—
Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,
With faces like dead lovers who died true—
Come not, lest we go seek, with eyes all wet,
Primrose and violet,
Forgetting that they lie
Deep in the earth till winter has gone by.

"Till winter has gone by:"
Come then, days bright and strange—
Calm, while this mad world whirls on recklessly;
Restful, amid this life of restless change.
Shine on, sweet Indian summer, full of balm;
The year's last thankful psalm
To God you, smiling, bring:
We too will smile, and wait the eternal spring.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

The revival meetings held in the Hippodrome, in this city, have now been in progress several weeks, and so far from diminishing in interest or numbers, they continue to attract thousands of people, who listen with deep and most serious attention to the preaching of Mr. Moody. All appear to be impressed with the simple-hearted earnestness of the man in the great work to which his life is devoted—an earnestness which he succeeds in imparting to all who listen to his words. The illustration on our front page gives a faithful idea of his appearance and manner on the platform. Mr. Sankey, whose singing makes an impression almost as profound as that of the preacher's sermons, sits at the organ on his left, and on the same side of the platform are the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of the Collegiate Church, and the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle; on the right, William E. Dodge, Esq., and others.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey labor without fee in the cause to which their lives are devoted. An account has just been published of the receipts and expenditures connected with the recent revival meetings in Brooklyn, from which it appears that the total sum received from subscriptions and other sources was $7662 68, and the expenditures exactly balanced this amount. No portion of the sum received was paid to Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey. The report that they derive a profit from the sale of their hymn-book is incorrect. The expenses connected with these services are defrayed chiefly by voluntary contributions.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.—(*Continued.*)

HUMBLE TO THE DUST.

This is a plea for mercy *in formâ pauperis*, and touches Alexis. He is growing very tender-hearted to this wife, for whom he had told himself that his old love was dead and gone. The room in which they had suffered poverty's chilling apprentice together seems to him to bring them closer to each other than any less familiar place of meeting could have done. And presently, when Sibyl has struck a match and lighted a pair of sallow-looking candles, which but dimly illuminate the scene, Alexis is moved to deeper pity by seeing the change that the last six months have wrought in his wife's beauty. That wan white face, those sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, tell of a struggle that has been verily exhausting alike to mind and body.

"My poor girl, how changed you are!" he exclaims, drawing her to him in the dim light, and scrutinizing that altered face.

"Yes, there is no beauty to be proud of now, Alex. I might sit in my corner in Mrs. Hazleton's drawing-room and even your eye would not notice me. The faded governess would come and go like a shadow. I have lost my good looks—all the capital Fortune gave me to start in life—and I have won nothing—not even Uncle Trenchard's money."

"We can do without it, Sibyl. If you had come to me with that ill-gotten wealth in your hand, I would have had nothing to say to you. I take you back to-night because you come without it."

"Back to your heart, Alex?"

"To my home and my affectionate regard, my dear. Our hearts are not always to be commanded. Don't look so sad, Sibyl; our Hampshire breezes will blow the roses back to your cheeks."

"Hampshire. Ah, that is where our boy lives. But what took you to that part of the country, Alex?"

"I'll tell you when you have told me what took you there, and how your child came to be born in a Hampshire Union."

"I'll tell you, Alex. I have no need to hide any thing now. When I left you, with those ten pounds which I extorted from you so cruelly, my only thought was to hide myself somewhere till after my baby's birth. I went into a little country village in Surrey—a quiet little place near Guildford—and hired a room in a cottage, a tiny whitewashed bedroom which cost me three-and-sixpence a week, and there I lived for six weeks, spending as little as possible, living on bread and butter and tea, till at last my landlady, who was only a farm laborer's wife, would bring me up a little plate of meat sometimes out of charity. In six weeks I had spent only four pounds on myself, but I had spent three more in buying clothes for my baby, and I had spent almost all my time in making them—those long dull days when I used to sit for hours together alone in my little room listening to the ticking of the Dutch clock and the chirping of the crickets down stairs. I think I must have gone mad in those monotonous desolate days if it had not been for my needle-work. I used to go out into the fields sometimes at dusk, and wander about for an hour or so, and I used to feel as if I belonged to nobody, and was quite the loneliest creature in this wide world."

"A sorry prologue to your dignified existence at Lancaster Lodge."

"By-and-by, as the time for my baby's birth drew nearer, I began to think with dread of his being born in that poor little room among coarse laboring people. I pined for a friend, any one of my own class who would be kind to me. I took a horror of that stifling little room with its one small window, and whitewashed walls, and patchwork coverlet, and all the piggy and cabbagy smells that used to creep up from the room below. So I tried to remember any friend who would be likely to be kind to me if I flung myself upon her benevolence. I could think of only one person, Maggie Rawlings, a girl who had been very fond of me at school, almost ridiculously fond, giving me keepsakes, and insisting on wearing some of my hair in a locket, and showing her affection in all manner of foolish ways. She was the daughter of a farmer in Hampshire, and as she had huge hampers sent her twice in a quarter, and had always plenty of money to spend, I concluded that her people were rich. I knew that she was an impulsive, warm-hearted little creature, and generous as the light of day. So I thought that if I went to her she would find me a shelter of some sort and be kind to me and my baby. I went to Winchester by rail, and from Winchester I went on foot to find Hill-side Farm."

"Poor child!" murmurs Alexis—"poor foolish child! our worst fortunes shared together were not so bad as this."

"Unfortunately, I had forgotten all but the name of the farm, and that Winchester was the nearest station, but how far that nearest station might be from Maggie's home I had no idea. The consequence was that I wandered helplessly about from village to village for three days, led astray by wrong information—sent first to one farm and then to another—and having to sleep at village inns, where I paid dear for very poor accommodation. On the fourth day I succeeded in finding Hill-side Farm, nearly thirty miles from Winchester, and there a cruel disappointment awaited me. My old school-fellow was married, and had gone to live in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Rawlings was barely civil to me, and gave me her daughter's address with evident reluctance. No doubt she thought me a very questionable character. My shabby clothes denounced me. If I had possessed money enough, or strength enough for the journey, I think I should have gone down to Lincolnshire in search of Maggie, but I had neither. I was ill and worn out by the fatigue of the last three days, and this disappointment at the end of all completely crushed me. Two days afterward my baby was born in the work-house. That was the only refuge left open to me at the last. If you have been to Dorley Mill, you must know all the rest. I left the work-house penniless; and if it had not been for Linda Challice's goodness I could never have made my way to Redcastle. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me, Alex, now that you know all the truth?"

"I forgive you, Sibyl, and pity you with all my heart. You did yourself a deeper wrong than you did me when you sacrificed all natural feeling to the worship of your golden calf. You have paid a heavy price for your mistake; it would be cruel to add my upbraidings to the sum. And now let us begin life afresh, little woman, and be happy if we can. Fortune has been kinder to me—who have wooed her somewhat carelessly—than to you who have sought her with such mistaken diligence. Poverty need never more afflict us. Your husband is no longer Mr. Secretan, *alias* Stanmore, a humble waiter upon the tide of luck, but Alexis Secretan, Esquire, of Cheswold Grange, in the county of Hants—able to give his wife her carriage and her flower garden, her dairy, poultry yard, and village school, and to leave his son the modest heritage of a small land-owner."

"Alexis! you are laughing at me."

"No, Sibyl. When I stood before you at Lancaster Lodge last December, I was able to take you to as fair a home as you could care to inhabit, but I would not tempt you with the gifts of fortune. I waited for your heart to speak."

"And you were absolutely rich at that time? You could have given me all I had to hope for from my uncle Stephen?"

"I can not presume to measure Mr. Trenchard's possessions. My fortune, I have told you, is a modest one, but it is large enough to buy all things needful to real happiness. The man of fabulous wealth can only live. He can not eat two dinners in the same day, or ride two horses at once, or consume more than a given quantity of fresh air, or get more pleasure out of life than his mental capacity for enjoyment will let him, be he king or kaiser."

"It seems that I have made a sorry mistake," says Sibyl, with a sigh.

"A mistake which we will do our best to mend, poor child," replies Alexis, kindly. "And now, Sibyl, I don't know whether you have dined to-day, but I am quite sure I have not. So I think the best thing I can do is to go out to our old haunts and buy a rump-steak, which our faithful Bonny will cook for our supper. Unless you had rather come to my hotel and bid the faithful Bonny good-by."

"I had rather stay where I am for a day or two, Alex; I don't feel well enough to move."

"We must call in a medical man, Sibyl, if you are so ill as that."

"I don't think a doctor would be of any use. I am not so much ill as tired. I shall soon be better, I dare say, now you are so kind to me."

"And doesn't it cheer you to know that we have done with our old enemy, poverty? that our future is to be bright and prosperous?"

"I am glad with all my heart, Alex, for your sake and our boy's; but I do not feel as if I had any future to look forward to in this world."

"Nonsense, Sibyl. That is all the effect of debility—a hypochondriacal view of life altogether. You will see things differently after half a dozen doses of quinine and a daily mutton-chop. I shouldn't wonder if Guinness's stout were the best antidote for these dark ideas. And now I'll go and see if Mrs. Bonny can send any one for that steak, or if I must go out and forage for myself."

He goes to the door, opens it, and finds himself face to face with an unknown individual in a gray coat. Mrs. Bonny stands behind the stranger with a brass candlestick uplifted, to show him the way that he should go.

"Who the deuce are you, Sir?" asks Alexis, rather savagely. "This room is not to be let."

His nerves have been too completely unstrung by that unexpected meeting of the last hour to allow of his being civil to an intrusive stranger.

"I am not looking for lodgings," answers the gray man, coolly. "I have come here to look for a young lady. Ah! there she is, I see. I have a warrant to arrest Miss Sibyl Faunthorpe on suspicion of murder."

"Suspicion of murder!"

"Yes, on suspicion of having murdered her uncle, Stephen Trenchard, Esq., of Lancaster Lodge, Redcastle, in the county of York, to be transferred in my charge to Redcastle jail, there to remain pending the issue of the adjourned inquest held to inquire into the death of the aforesaid Stephen Trenchard, Esq."

"The man must be mad!" cries Sibyl, clinging to Alexis. "I left my uncle alive—in no danger."

"Any thing you say now will be used against you hereafter, miss," says the man in gray, in a warning voice.

"Alexis, you don't believe—"

"I believe nothing so wildly improbable, my dear. Let me see your warrant, Sir."

It is shown him; a formal document, issued in Redcastle, Yorkshire, and indorsed by a Middlesex magistrate. Alexis knows just enough of the law to know that the warrant is a genuine instrument, and that resistance is likely to be useless. There is but one loop-hole.

"Your warrant seems right enough," he says, "but it is issued against Sibyl Faunthorpe; this lady is Mrs. Secretan, my wife."

"The lady may have a dozen aliases, Sir," replies Mr. Judbury, with undisturbed equanimity; "but she's the lady we want, all the same; and with your leave I'm going to take her back to Yorkshire by the mail. There's just about time to do it, I think, Trivett," adds Mr. Judbury across his shoulder to a man in the background.

"My wife is not well enough to travel," says Alexis.

"Oh, come, she was well enough to come to London less than a week ago; she must be well enough to go back. I'll take the responsibility of removing her. You've got a cab, Trivett?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Come along, Miss Faunthorpe. If you come quietly I shall say nothing about the handcuffs, you know, but I've got 'em in my pocket."

"What am I to do, Alexis?" Sibyl asks, piteously.

"If you think you can bear the journey, go, dear. I will go with you. Whatever hideous mistake has arisen out of your uncle's death can be best righted by your presence. Don't be afraid, Sibyl; I will stand by you."

"And you do not believe—"

"I believe that you are as innocent as a baby of any wrong against Stephen Trenchard," answers Alexis, with conviction.

"That makes me strong," says Sibyl, quietly putting on her hat and jacket. "I will come back to Redcastle."

"Well, I think, miss, under existing circumstances you'd better," said the officer, with suppressed satire.

"When did my uncle die?"

"The morning you left, miss, strange to say. Found dead in his bed. You left by the 7.20 train. According to the medical evidence your departure and Mr. Trenchard's death must have been pretty nearly simultaneous."

"He died suddenly, then?"

"Uncommon."

"And why do they suppose that he was murdered?"

"Because about an ounce of prussic acid was found in his inside. Please to bear in mind, miss, that any remark of yours will be used against you by-and-by."

This warning is unheeded, nay, unheard by Sibyl.

"Prussic acid!" she cries, with an awful look. "Oh, Alex, how dreadful! I had some prussic acid in a bottle, enough to put an end to my life if there had been no other way of escape left me from that horrid man, and I left the bottle at Lancaster Lodge."

"Yes, miss, and it was found there empty."

They go down to the cab, Sibyl leaning on her husband's arm, and drive away from Dixon Street in the summer dusk. Mrs. Bonny watches the departing chariot with uplifted hands and eyes that ask the heavens to witness her astonishment.

"This beats all my experience of lodgers," she exclaims. "That I should live to have my first floor took prisoner for murder, and to see my door-steps spiled by the dirty boots of a defective perliceman!"

CHAPTER L.

"'TIS HELD THAT SORROW MAKES US WISE."

Throughout the tedious journey by the night mail Alexis supports and comforts Sibyl by his presence. All bitterness of feeling has passed out of his mind. He sees his wife the victim of a false accusation, and he is ready to pity and defend her.

"You do not believe these men, Alex?" she repeats many times during that summer night, as she clings closer to her husband with a shiver as of cold, though the midsummer air is mild and balmy. "You do not believe, dear?"

"Not a word, not a breath," he answers, cheerily. "These mistakes are common enough, love. It will be easily set right. You have only to keep up your courage, and trust in Providence and me."

"Oh, Alex, how good you are, and how little I deserve your goodness!" she answers, with a stifled sob.

Mr. Judbury, though hardened by much traveling on the stormy path of official life, shows some delicacy of feeling. He sends his follower to a second-class carriage, and takes his seat as far from Mr. and Mrs. Secretan as the limits of a first-class compartment will allow. Nay, he is benevolent enough to refresh himself with occasional comfortable naps, but is always wakeful and alert when speed slackens and the train stops. He apparently considers that an attempt to escape from the train at full speed is an evil not to be apprehended.

So the soft summer morning dawns gradually, mysteriously, with a slow lightening of the landscape and a faint breath of chiller air creeping among the woods and across the hill-tops, and Aurora sees Mr. Judbury reposing luxuriously in his padded corner, with a red silk handkerchief draped picturesquely about his bald head, and his manly chest in a manner doubled up into his shepherd's plaid waistcoat. The new-born day sheds but a sickly light upon Sibyl's worn face as it leans against her husband's shoulder, and Alexis, scrutinizing it in that clear light, sees how marked and deep is the change that has been wrought there. Care has engraven lines that happiness can never erase. This pallid countenance, with sunken eyes ringed with purple shadow, is but the ghost of the fair face that shone upon him in Mrs. Hazleton's drawing-room. Deepest pity moves him as he gazes on that altered beauty, lovely still, for the lines have the perfection of the sculptor's marble—a beauty that neither age nor death, sickness nor care, can deface—but all the glow and brightness of coloring are gone. Sibyl is no longer a beauty for the vulgar eye to admire, no longer the handsomest woman in Redcastle.

That melancholy journey comes to an end at last. They arrive at Krampston in the early morning, and after waiting nearly an hour in a labyrinthine terminus, get a train to convey them to Redcastle, which temple, sacred to the genius of quietude, they reach at an hour which Mr. Judbury picturesquely describes as breakfast-time. From the Redcastle station, naturally half a mile out of the town, they drive to Redcastle jail, a clean and modern building, of Gothic architecture, occupying an important site on the high-road above Bar, an edifice which is described in local hand-books as an ornament to the town. Sibyl has ridden and driven past its mediæval gateway many a time, and has glanced at the lancet windows with a lady-like indifference to the life going on behind them. It seems a curious thing—a severance from all the outer world and the common round of life—to be driven under that stony arch and along that smooth gravel drive, and to hear the iron gate close with a clang that sounds like the snap of the shears of Atropos.

They all go into a stone-flagged hall together—a hall in which cleanliness and order reign supreme, and in which the ticking of a large clock overpowers all the sound of humanity. Here there is a brief consultation held between Mr. Judbury and an official, and, after a little humming and hawing, Sibyl is conducted to a small, plainly furnished room, which is hardly to be called a cell. There is a bed-chamber adjoining, and both rooms are guarded with substantial doors, ponderously locked and bolted, but the place is not so bad as the dungeon she has pictured to herself with a shudder during that long journey. She has fancied herself crouching in a stone cell, with a little straw in a corner, and a large iron ring against the wall, to which she would perchance be chained, while between massive iron bars, high up in the wall, crept a faint gleam of light.

Alexis has not been allowed to accompany his wife to the room allotted to her, but on his explaining the case to the warder he is treated with considerable civility, and taken straight to the governor of the prison, a young man who has lately exchanged a military career for the guardianship of criminals. From this gentleman Alexis receives every assurance of sympathy, and to him he gives a brief history of his married life, telling nothing that can throw discredit upon Sibyl, but alleging her attachment to her uncle, Stephen Trenchard, as the reason of their separation and her concealment of her marriage.

"It happened, unfortunately, that the Secretans and Trenchards were, like the Montagues and Capulets, foes to the death," he tells Captain Heathcote. "There was an old feud between my poor father and Stephen Trenchard, the circumstances of which I need not enter into. I believe my father was the injured person in that

quarrel; my wife naturally believed her uncle in the right. We were quietly married in London, and my wife kept her marriage a secret from her family. When Mr. Trenchard came home from India, he asked her to go and live with him. My circumstances at that time were at very low water, and I had no home to give my wife. So she came to Redcastle, resumed her maiden name, and lived under her uncle's roof, until his attempt to force her into a marriage with an East Indian *protégé* of his compelled her to leave his house."

Captain Heathcote listens, and is thoughtful. The story sounds credible enough, and is in some measure confirmed by the copy of the marriage register which Alexis shows the Captain. Captain Heathcote, upon whose military status Redcastle society looks kindly, though inclined to be somewhat supercilious about his official position, has met Sibyl at Colonel Stormont's, and it goes hard with him to imagine that she can have been capable of this hideous crime which is imputed to her. Yet it must be confessed that there was never a more awkward combination of circumstances. Her secret flight—coincident with her uncle's death. Her possession of the poison—or the same kind of poison—by which he died—the finding of the empty bottle in her work-basket. And now this revealment of her marriage, so long concealed from those among whom she has lived—her nearest friends and kindred—argues such a capacity for deceit—a disposition in which duplicity is second nature. These considerations make Captain Heathcote grave and thoughtful, but he is not the less courteous and obliging.

"You may be assured I shall do all in my power to lessen the painfulness of Miss—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Secretan's position. We are never very severe in our treatment of persons who are here only under suspicion; and until Mrs. Secretan is committed for trial—which I trust she will not be—we shall contrive to relax our rules as much as possible in her favor. Burton tells me he has given her comfortable rooms."

"You are very good. Please God she will not be long under this horrible suspicion. I imagine that directly the matter is investigated her innocence must appear; but in the mean while I am most grateful for your kindness. My wife is looking very ill. I think she really requires medical attendance. Her uncle is a medical man in this town; perhaps it would be as well for him to see her, if it might be allowed."

"Certainly. Dr. Faunthorpe is not our official surgeon, but he might see Mrs. Secretan."

"Thanks. And may I be allowed to see her?"

"As often as you like; but not alone. I shall be obliged to place a female warder in Mrs. Secretan's room."

"I am not likely to have any thing to say which the warder may not hear; and I shall be glad to know that my wife is not alone. She is in a very low state of health, and will be all the better for companionship, however humble."

"You would like to see her perhaps before you leave?"

"Very much."

"Then we'll go to her."

Captain Heathcote leads the way to a clean and airy corridor, beckons to a warder to unlock a door, and admits Alexis into the prisoner's room.

Sibyl is sitting listlessly by the open window—a closely barred window looking into the stone quadrangle where the prisoners are solemnly tramping, single file, in a circle, for their regulation hour of air and exercise. A respectable young woman, in a white muslin cap, has just brought a cup of tea and a plate of bread and butter for the new arrival. There is no question of jail fare yet awhile. Mrs. Secretan could have *ortolans* or *pâtés de foie gras* if she liked to import them from the outside world.

"My dear Sibyl, Captain Heathcote has been kind enough to promise that you shall have all possible indulgence, so you must try to keep up your spirits."

"Yes, Alexis," she answers, quietly, "I have very little cause for unhappiness when you are so kind to me. How do you do, Captain Heathcote?" she says, turning to the governor with a faint smile. "It seems strange for us to meet like this, does it not? I feel as if I had come to your house as an uninvited guest."

"I shall do all in our power to make your visit agreeable, and shall be unhospitable enough to wish that it may be brief," answers the Captain.

"I am very anxious to know all about my uncle's death," says Sibyl. "It was a great shock to me to hear that he was dead. Dr. Mitsand told me that he was in no danger the very day before I left Redcastle. Can it be true that he died from poison?"

"Unhappily there is no room to doubt that," answers Captain Heathcote, gravely; "but do not let us talk about this sad business, Mrs. Secretan. Your husband will do all that can be done to protect your interests—to clear your name. Be assured of that, and give your mind as much repose as you can. The inquest will be re-opened to-morrow, and you will have to appear."

"As a criminal—in the dock?" says Sibyl, with a shudder.

"There is no dock in the Coroner's Court."

"My dearest, what does it matter?" says Alexis, soothingly. "To-morrow's examination will doubtless clear you of this shameful charge. Be patient, and trust in God. I am going to call upon your uncle, Dr. Faunthorpe. I thought, perhaps, you would like him to come and see you."

"Yes, I should like to see him very much, if he does not believe that I am— I can't say the dreadful words, Alex. But no, I am sure Uncle Robert does not believe in this accusation. Dear soul, he never thought evil of any one."

"You shall see him, dear, and he shall prescribe for you, unless there is any other medical man whose advice you would rather have."

"I do not think medicine can do me much good, Alex; but I shall consult any one you wish. But I want to see Uncle Robert—to ask him about Uncle Stephen's death—he must know every thing; and about the will."

"Ah, by-the-way," exclaims Alexis, "there was a will, I suppose. And pray who is the gainer of Mr. Trenchard's wealth?"

Captain Heathcote looks at the inquirer with a grave smile.

"Have you heard nothing? Don't you know the particulars?" he asks.

"We know nothing except that Mr. Trenchard is dead, and is supposed to have been poisoned. Has his will been read yet?"

"His will, or rather a final statement of his circumstances, briefly set forth in a paper to be read after his death, was made known to two or three people yesterday. As generally happens in Redcastle, what was known to three people in the morning had become town-talk in the evening. Mr. Trenchard has not left sixpence to any one."

Sibyl's eyes open to their widest. Faintly, dimly, during that wearisome night journey, she had seen herself cleared from the monstrous charge of murder and possessed of Stephen Trenchard's fortune. His sudden death would have prevented his disinheriting her. Death overtook him before he could have known of her flight.

"Do you mean to say that he has left all his money to hospitals?" exclaims Alexis.

"I mean to say that he has left no money whatever, or hardly enough for the payment of five shillings in the pound upon his debts. We are very wise in Redcastle, but, with all our wisdom, are apt to take outward show for reality. Mr. Trenchard has contrived to impose upon us all. He has been living upon a few thousands taken out of a business on the verge of insolvency, and upon his credit in Redcastle, which was large. Rather hard upon Mrs. Secretan, whom every body supposed was his heiress."

"The policy of his old age is of a piece with the treachery of his youth," replies Alexis, quietly. "My wife can afford to do without his money."

Sibyl sits silent, in utter bewilderment. What phantom has she followed in these years that are gone? To what false idol has she sacrificed love and truth, and duty to husband and child, all fair things that are honorable in woman? Bad enough to have worshiped a golden calf; but to find the calf of basest metal is indeed the lowest depth of humiliation and disgrace.

"Alexis," she says at last, looking piteously at her husband, "there never was any one so foolish, so deluded, as I have been. How you must despise me!"

"No, my dear; I am only sorry for you and our mistaken lives, the lost years that can never come back to us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A BILL was not long since introduced into the Connecticut Legislature providing for the establishment of an agricultural experiment station on the plan of those which have proved so serviceable in Germany and elsewhere in Europe, and providing an annual appropriation for the purpose. This, however, failed to become a law. Mr. ORANGE JUDD, the well-known editor and proprietor of the *American Agriculturist*, then with characteristic liberality offered on his own part $1000, and, on that of the trustees of the Wesleyan University, the free use of laboratories and appliances for the purpose in the Hall of Natural Sciences (given by himself to that institution), provided the Legislature would appropriate a sum of money for the establishment of a station. In answer to this the Legislature passed almost unanimously a resolution "to promote agriculture." The preamble of this reads as follows: "Whereas, the trustees of the university at Middletown tender the free use of ample laboratories, and other facilities for establishing and carrying on an experiment station for the general benefit and improvement of agriculture and kindred interests of the State of Connecticut."

The resolution provides "that the sum of seven hundred dollars per quarter for two years is hereby appropriated to the university located at Middletown, Middlesex County, to be used in employing competent scientific men to carry on the appropriate work of an agricultural experiment station," and directs the Comptroller to pay the sum specified to the treasurer of the university, provided "the said treasurer shall satisfy the Comptroller that such money is expended in the employment of scientific men for making the investigations and experiments contemplated in this resolution; and that the said university shall superintend such experiments, and shall provide ample laboratories and buildings therefor free of charge."

The station is now fully organized. Professor W. O. ATWATER, of the university, Dr. W. C. TILDEN, and two assistants are engaged in the work. An advisory committee of prominent farmers of the State has been appointed to give counsel in the management of the station and to facilitate its connection with the public. Hearty sympathy and encouragement are manifested on all sides, and it is hoped that the first two years of its labor will prove so successful as in the future to insure from the State support commensurate with the importance of its object.

Still another summer school of natural history is announced, in what is termed the Summer School of Biology, to be opened in the museum of the Peabody Academy of Science, of Salem, Massachusetts, to commence July 7 and continue six weeks. The special advantages, in addition to those we have mentioned as belonging to that of Cornell and other summer schools, are its close proximity to the sea, furnishing special opportunities to prosecute the study of the marine zoology. The number of students will be limited to fifteen, and while designed particularly for the teachers of Essex County, a few others will be admitted.

Instruction in botany will be given by Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, with the assistance of Mr. CHARLES H. HIGBEE, and in zoology by Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., with the assistance of Messrs. J. S. KINGLEY and S. E. CASSINO. Mr. C. COOKE will have charge of the dredging parties. Microscopical instruction will be given by Rev. E. C. BOLLES. Occasional lectures will be given by Professor E. S. MORSE and others.

The Cincinnati Society of Natural History, under its new organization, has commenced the publication of an octavo series of Proceedings, which, it is expected, will be kept up regularly for the future. The first number, for January, 1876, contains a paper on the "Variation in Form of the Family Strepomatidæ," with descriptions of five new species, by A. G. WETHERBY, specimens of all of which have been presented to the National Museum, in Washington.

The Bremen Museum, well known as embracing one of the finest ornithological collections extant, has until recently been the property of a private organization something like that of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, but will shortly become the property of the city, and be conducted under its auspices. The museum was for a long time under the charge of Dr. G. HARTLAUB, more recently assisted by Dr. O. FINSCH, who will probably become director.

It is probable that the gigantic fossil bird of New Zealand, known to the natives as the Moa, and scientifically as the *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, etc., will become a very common object in natural history museums, as new discoveries of bones in large number are continually being made. The latest record is that of fifteen specimens found along the beach, about sixty miles to the north of Auckland, a more northern location than has hitherto been assigned to this group. With the bones were found several human skulls and a complete human skeleton, a rude stone hatchet, some obsidian chips, etc., furnishing another confirmation of the well-established fact of the co-existence of the Moa with man. It will, perhaps, be remembered that among the most interesting objects in the American Museum of Natural History, in the Central Park, is a series of skeletons of this bird, procured from Dr. JULIUS HAAST, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

According to recent advices in London, the *Challenger* expected to leave Valparaiso December 10, and arrive at the Falkland Isles January 10; to leave February 6, and arrive at Montevideo February 18; to leave February 28, touching at Tristan d'Acunha March 20, and leaving the next day, arrive at Ascension April 7; to leave April 14, and arrive at St. Vincent May 5; and to leave May 12, and reach England June 12.

Mr. MASON has exhibited to the Asiatic Society of Bengal specimens of a gigantic spider, of the genus *Mygale*, which possesses the power of making a strident noise. The sonorous organ of this animal is a comb formed by numerous elastic teeth of a chitinous nature, placed upon the lower face of the maxilla, and a scraper, composed of an irregular range of fine points on the external side of the chelicera. The apparatus is found in both sexes, as is the case with many of the coleoptera, instead of being restricted to the males, as among the orthoptera and homoptera.

TRÜBNER'S *American and Oriental Literary Record* supplies a short obituary of Dr. W. H. I. BLEEK, the well-known philologist. At the time of his death, which occurred on the 17th of August last, he was principal librarian of the Grey Library at Cape Town. Dr. BLEEK was a native of Berlin, born in 1827. His attention was drawn at an early age to the study of the African languages. In 1855 he accompanied Bishop COLENSO to Natal, and traveled much among the natives, living in their midst, studying their peculiarities and tongue.

About 1860 he was appointed by Sir GEORGE GREY keeper of the library presented by him to the Cape Colony, which position he held till the time of his death. His principal publications were the *Hand-Book of African, Australian, and Polynesian Philology*, *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*, *The Origin of Language*, etc. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a grammar of the South African languages and a dictionary of the Bosjeman language. His researches will be continued by Miss L. C. LLOYD, his sister-in-law, assisted by Mrs. BLEEK.

The fifth number of the second series of the Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories (completing the volume) is a pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages, containing several interesting communications in regard to the geology and natural history of the West. Among them are papers on "Fossil Plants," by Professor LESQUEREUX, on "Sundry Birds and Mammals," by Dr. COUES, on the "Lignite of Eastern Colorado and Wyoming," by Dr. HAYDEN, etc.

Of the series of reports of the Fish Commissioners of the several States, none are more important than those published by Massachusetts, of which the tenth, for 1875, has recently been issued.

Upon the much-contested question of the efficiency of the fish-way at Hadley Falls in permitting the passage of shad, the Commissioners maintain that the problem has been solved satisfactorily in the affirmative; and as the result of a careful examination, they state that a great number of fish, such as suckers, black bass, etc., have passed through, and that quite a number of yearling shad were among the number, with only one mature fish.

Although this dam has been in use for some time, the fact that no shad for several years were seen to ascend it was seized upon as an argument in opposition to the assertion of its efficiency. This, however, was met by the theory, now well established, that anadromous fish ascend to the point whence they commenced their downward journey to the sea, and no higher, and that consequently, as no shad had been hatched or placed as young fish in the water above Hadley Falls, none would attempt to go above as mature fish. But it is said that for two years past young shad have been hatched below the dam and carried to the waters above, and there is no reasonable doubt that the yearling shad in question were of this number. In another year we may, therefore, anticipate the passage of adult fish.

The other fish-ways in the State, as on the Merrimac, the Neponset, the Taunton, and the Palmer, have also proved to be efficient. Shad hatching in 1875 was conducted as heretofore on the Merrimac, the whole number of shad taken therein amounting to 1433, and of spawn to 6,670,000. The catch of shad during the past year in the Merrimac was larger than it had been for twenty-five years previous, they being so abundant that at Newburyport they were salted and barreled as in olden times. This is considered by the Commissioners as very satisfactory proof of the beneficial results of artificial culture.

The report is accompanied by a valuable sketch of the progress of fish-culture in New England, and also a bill proposed for the regulation of the shore fisheries of the State.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PECULIARITIES.—"Every man," said Mark Lemon, one evening at his club, "has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them as most men; at any rate, I don't know what they are." Nobody contradicted the editor of *Punch*, but after a while Albert Smith asked, "Which hand do you shave with, uncle?" "With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah," returned the other, "that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a razor."

SENSITIVE.—A gentleman observed an urchin who had a large slice of bread in his hand, and who was crying very bitterly. "My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about?" "Mother won't—boo-hoo-oo—put any butter on my bread—boo-hoo-oo!" "Oh, is that all?" said the gentleman. "Come, dry up your tears and be a man." "It ain't so much the butter," retorted the little urchin; "it's the disposition of the old woman."

"My faculty, surely, is the more ancient, for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case," said a lawyer to a medical friend. "Sure enough," replied the doctor; "but before that happened, a rib was taken out of Adam's side, and that constituted the first surgical operation."

AGRICULTURAL.—"I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No—a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

At a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

Muggins was passing down Broadway one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog, that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, and gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said, "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled, and they passed on.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says, "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great corpulence, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C, and three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G.

One of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name of *Psyche* on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spell fish!"

At a wedding recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

While a Welsh cause was lately being tried in one of the London courts, the counsel for the plaintiffs, though a Welshman, begged to be excused from pronouncing the name of the place where a coal mine under dispute was situated. It was spelled Llwywywywer.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, and, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a Yankee sitting near by, he bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death!"

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked a teacher in an infant school. "I did," shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, considerably amused at his earnestness. "On the elephant," shouted the prodigy, gleefully.

A Western judge is reported to have thus addressed a person convicted before him, prior to passing sentence: "Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

"Mamma," said a little girl, pointing to the telegraph wires, "how do they send messages by those bits of wire without tearing them to pieces?" "They send them in a fluid state, my dear," was the reply.

They have got a pig in New Jersey so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his tune by twisting his tail—the greater the twist the higher the note.

On one occasion during the Revolution "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't want to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

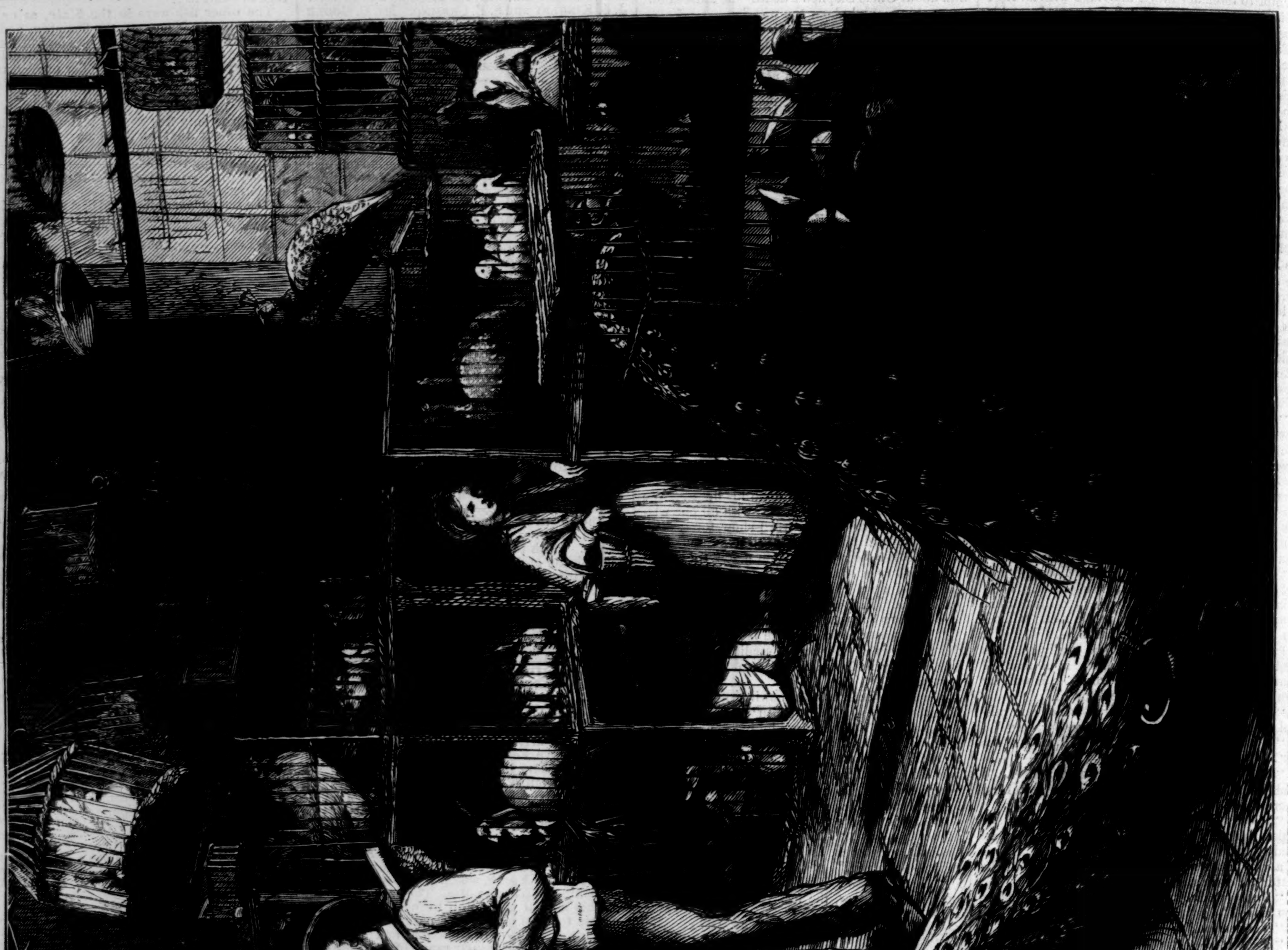
Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following: "The more the merrier." Not so—one hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so—a ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." No so—the sun goes over it in a day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so—it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so—for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so—the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

LEADENHALL POULTRY MARKET.

This market, our illustration of which is engraved from a drawing by William Foster, a son of the well-known English artist Birket Foster, is one of the oldest in London. The present building, which is a mean, straggling, and inconvenient structure, very much resembling our own Fulton Market, was erected in 1730; but the ground on which it stands was used for the same purpose in the reign of Edward III., when regulations were made for the sale of poultry there in 1357. It is the only market of the kind in London proper. It stands in the rear of the Royal Exchange. The large Metropolitan Poultry Market opened last year near Smithfield, with underground railway communication with all parts of London, supersedes the necessity of the Leadenhall Market, and the sightless structure will probably give way to more important buildings.

The poultry market is a peaceful and quiet spot in comparison with Covent Garden Market, the most famous place for barter in all London. A stroll through and around the latter on a summer morning between three and five affords the visitor a score of points of interest. The surrounding streets are decked with wagons and barrows. The street vendors are of all kinds, and of the poorest of each kind. The sturdy porters stride about in all directions under loads of prodigious bulk. Lofty towers of baskets, mysteriously balanced upon stalwart shoulders, thread their way between the wagons and heaps of produce. From the tails of carts "higglers" are selling off mountainous loads of cabbages. The piazzas are alive with stalls, market-gardeners, green-grocers, poor women, and troops of children—who display a perverse alacrity in getting in every body's way—and hawkers, old and young, eagerly on the lookout for an advantageous transaction with a higgler, or direct with a producer. Within the market inclosure the stacks of vegetables displayed are of marvelous extent. The uproar is prodigious. Nothing like it is ever heard at our markets, where, in spite of hurry and confusion, men work with a sort of desperate silence, rarely broken by wrangling of any kind, except when a "block" of unusual perversity occurs in the long lines of market wagons. But at Covent Garden Market the uproar is incessant from three o'clock till after daylight, and so loud and overpowering that the hotel rooms which open on the market square are carefully avoided by experienced guests. One might as well attempt to enjoy a quiet sleep in Bedlam as in one of those rooms. Yet the uproar appears to be good-natured, on the whole—boisterous chaff and loud bargaining, but not very often diverging into quarrel. The excellent police of London take good care that the wrangling is confined to words, and that it stops short of actual blows—not always an easy matter, as a resort to his natural weapon, the doubled fist, is generally the sturdy Briton's first impulse in a wrangle. He loves a "knock-down argument" in the literal sense, and is never slow to make use of it.

Large markets, where so many representatives of different grades of life may be seen together, are excellent places for the study of character and the picturesque, and artists frequently choose them as subjects for the pencil.



THE LEADENHALL POULTRY MARKET, LONDON.

"SORRY, WORTHLESS STUFF."

AN INSTRUMENT OF MILITARY NECESSITY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S MONEY.

SOON after the hero of DE FOE'S famous romance had built himself a comfortable hut on his desolate island, the joyless monarch of all he surveyed tried to divert his thoughts from melancholy by opening the chests which had come ashore from the wreck. In one he found pins, needles, and thread, a pair of large scissors, ten or a dozen good knives, some cloth, about a dozen and a half of white linen handkerchiefs, and finally, hidden away in the till of the chest, "three great bags of money—gold as well as silver."

Like the hungry Arab in the desert who picked up a sack, and was disgusted to find pearls instead of dates, Crusoe tossed aside the money-bags. "O drug!" he said to himself, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground. One of these knives is worth all this heap. Nay, I would give it all for a gross of tobacco-pipes, for sixpenny-worth of turnip and carrot seed from England, or for a handful of pease and beans and a bottle of ink."

DE FOE'S object in inventing this episode in Crusoe's island life was probably nothing more than to introduce a striking artistic contrast; and yet it would be difficult to find, either in fiction or history, an incident which illustrates more clearly the true nature of what is popularly called "wealth," or so good a basis for reasoning correctly in respect to the origin and function of what we call "money." Observe that,

1st. The pins and needles, the scissors, knives, and cloth, were of great *utility* to Robinson Crusoe, because their possession satisfied a great desire on his part to have them, and greatly increased his comfort and happiness.

2d. Possessing utility, they nevertheless possessed no *exchangeable value*, because they could not be bought or sold, nor exchanged with any body for any thing.

3d. They had, moreover, no *price*, for they had no purchasing power which could be expressed as money.

4th. The money, which is popularly regarded as the symbol and the concentration of all wealth, had, under the circumstances, neither utility, value, nor price. It could not be eaten, drunk, worn, used as a tool, nor exchanged with any body for any thing, and, as Crusoe in another place calls it, was "*sorry, worthless stuff*" to him.

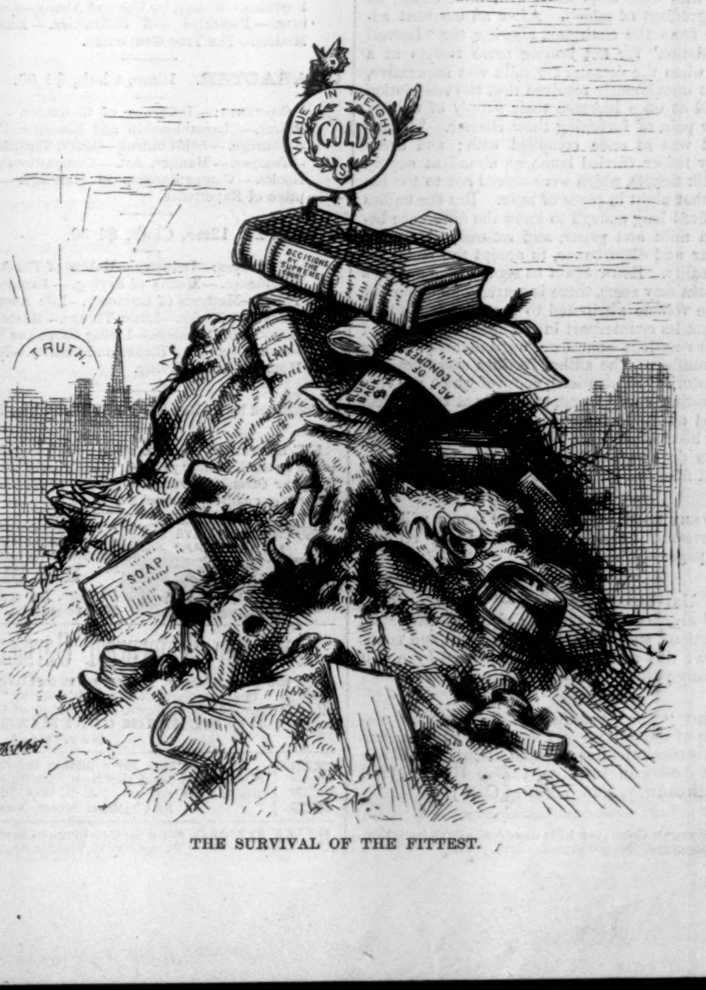
Finally, the pins, needles, knives, cloth, and scissors were all capital to Robinson Crusoe, because they enabled him to produce other things which contributed to his comfort. The money was not capital, because it could not be used in this or any other way.

Taking this incident as a starting-point, Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, late United States Special Commissioner of Revenue, has written a book under the title which heads this article, illustrated by NAST, and published by the HARPERS, designed to show, in the form of a narrative, the changing circumstances under which "money," which was "sorry, worthless stuff" to the solitary Crusoe, could become useful, acquire value, become an object of exchange, and constitute a standard in the regulation of prices.

MR. WELLS has carried out this happy thought in a most judicious manner, blending narrative with reflection, argument, and illustrations drawn from the financial experiences of many nations in support of his views. It is curious to observe that every absurdity in finance ascribed to the growing community on Robinson Crusoe's island is based upon historical precedent. While Crusoe was living alone, and even after he was joined by Friday and the father of that faithful savage, there was no use for money. The three made one family. They shared all things in common, and made no exchanges. But when Will Atkins and the English sailors came, took to themselves Indian wives, and sons and daughters grew up to them, a new social order of things gradually came about. It was impossible for all these people to live and share in common as one family. A division of labor was one of the first results. Crusoe might be his own carpenter, mason, tailor, butcher, and baker; but as the population of the island increased, it was found to be better for each man to pursue but one occupation, and, making himself skilled in it, procure the things which he himself did not produce, and which he might need, by exchanging his own products or services for the products or services of some other man.

Thus articles and services now became for the first time exchangeable on the island, and acquired value. This was the island Period of Barter. Men gave cloth for corn, furs and skins for knives or tobacco; the carpenter gave his labor in building a house for the tailor, who in turn made the carpenter's coat, etc. But difficulties soon arose. As there was no money, and

MILK TICKETS FOR BABIES, IN PLACE OF MILK.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

therefore no price for any thing, disputes occurred as to how much cloth should be exchanged for a certain quantity of corn, how much carpenter-work for making a coat, and the like. Besides this, the tailor one day, having a coat to sell, found himself without bread; the baker to whom he went had plenty of bread, but did not want any thing in the tailoring line. He was, however, in need of flour, which the tailor could not furnish. On his way to find another baker, at the further end of the island, the tailor fell in with a mason who wanted a coat, but the tailor had no requirement for mason-work. At last, after much vexatious traveling about, the tailor found a baker who wanted to exchange bread for the coat. But here a new difficulty arose. "How can I know," said the tailor, "how many loaves of bread I ought to receive for my coat?" But he was by this time so exhausted by hunger that he was willing to accept any amount the baker chose to offer. A man who had nothing but his labor to sell received a ton of coal in payment for a day's work at a coal yard; before he could barter it for food and drink, he was well-nigh starved. A like experience also befell the journeyman butcher, blacksmith, carpenter, and dry-goods clerk, who received for their day's labor respectively a sheep-skin, a dozen horseshoes, a piece of pine timber, and two yards of red flannel.

To obviate these serious troubles, the islanders hit upon the expedient of adopting some single commodity which all should agree to take in exchange for whatever they might have to sell, whether labor or products. At the outset they agreed to use cowries—a pretty shell picked up on the beach. These presently became so plentiful that business became very brisk. The "volume of the currency" was enormously inflated. Prices rose, and every body got rich in cowries. Stock companies were formed to explore the wreck of Robinson Crusoe's ship, and to build a system of canals across the island. But finally the bubble burst, and the cowries, having lost all value as money, were used only as a material for making lime.

For a time a peculiar kind of beads, made of blue glass, was used as money; but they speedily suffered the fate of the cowries, although they could not be put to so practical a use as making lime. Then gold was discovered; and being rare and bright and highly prized for ornaments, it gradually came into use as money among the islanders, and became a measure or standard of value. At first it was carried round in the shape in which it was found; the fine dust or scales inclosed in quills, and the nuggets in bags. Afterward it was melted and hammered into large lumps and bars. The inconveniences attending these methods were at length happily removed by the discovery of the bags of coin which Robinson Crusoe had stored away in an odd corner of his hut, and which suggested the idea of coining their own gold into similar pieces.

We have not the space to follow the author through the whole of his ingenious story. Suffice it to say that the islanders, after the discovery of gold and Robinson Crusoe's coins, had a very prosperous "hard-money" period; then, for convenience, paper money or currency was introduced, which worked well for a time, until unfortunately a war arose with the cannibals, in the course of which the paper money became seriously depreciated, and all manner of evils followed in train, for a full account of which we must refer our readers to the book itself. We must, however, mention the milk-ticket episode. A disease among the cattle having deprived the islanders of their usual supply of milk, a large public meeting was called to consider the matter. The chairman was supported by a long list of vice-presidents and secretaries, all eminent citizens, who were acquainted with milk chiefly as an ingredient of punch. After an eloquent address from the chairman, abusing the "Lacteal Association" for not issuing more tickets at a time when the demand for milk was imperative, it was unanimously resolved that the association should at once increase their supply of tickets, under pain of forfeiting their charter. The demand was at once complied with; and every happy father carried home an abundant supply of milk tickets, which were served out to the babies that night in place of milk. But the babies had lived long enough to know the difference between milk and paper, and refused, with great uproar and disturbance, to accept the sham for the reality. Extravagant as some of the author's pictures may seem, there is scarcely an absurdity in the volume attributed to the islanders which has not its counterpart in the financial history of various nations—our own, unfortunately, among the number. The author fortifies every position by historical illustrations, many of which are very interesting, curious, and, especially at this critical period of American financial legislation, exceedingly instructive. Mr. WELLS has made DE FOE'S fiction do excellent service in the interest of a sound financial policy.

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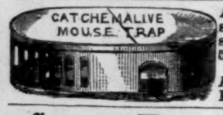

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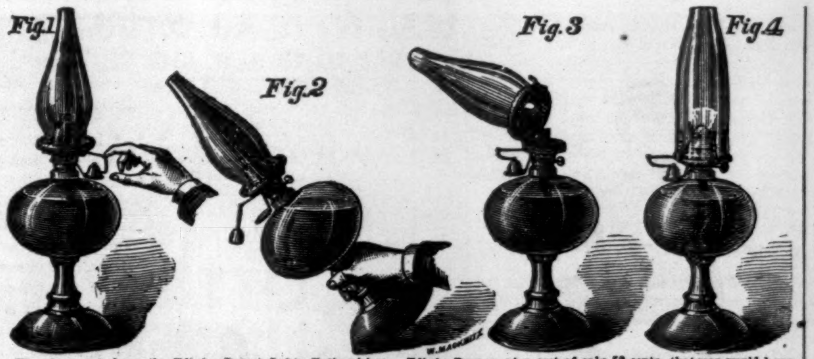

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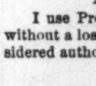

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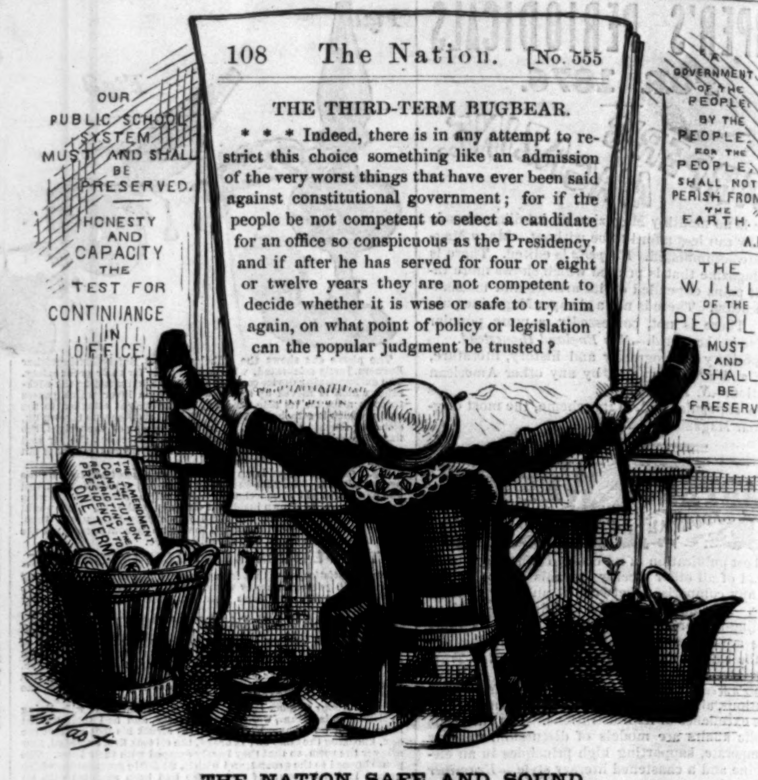

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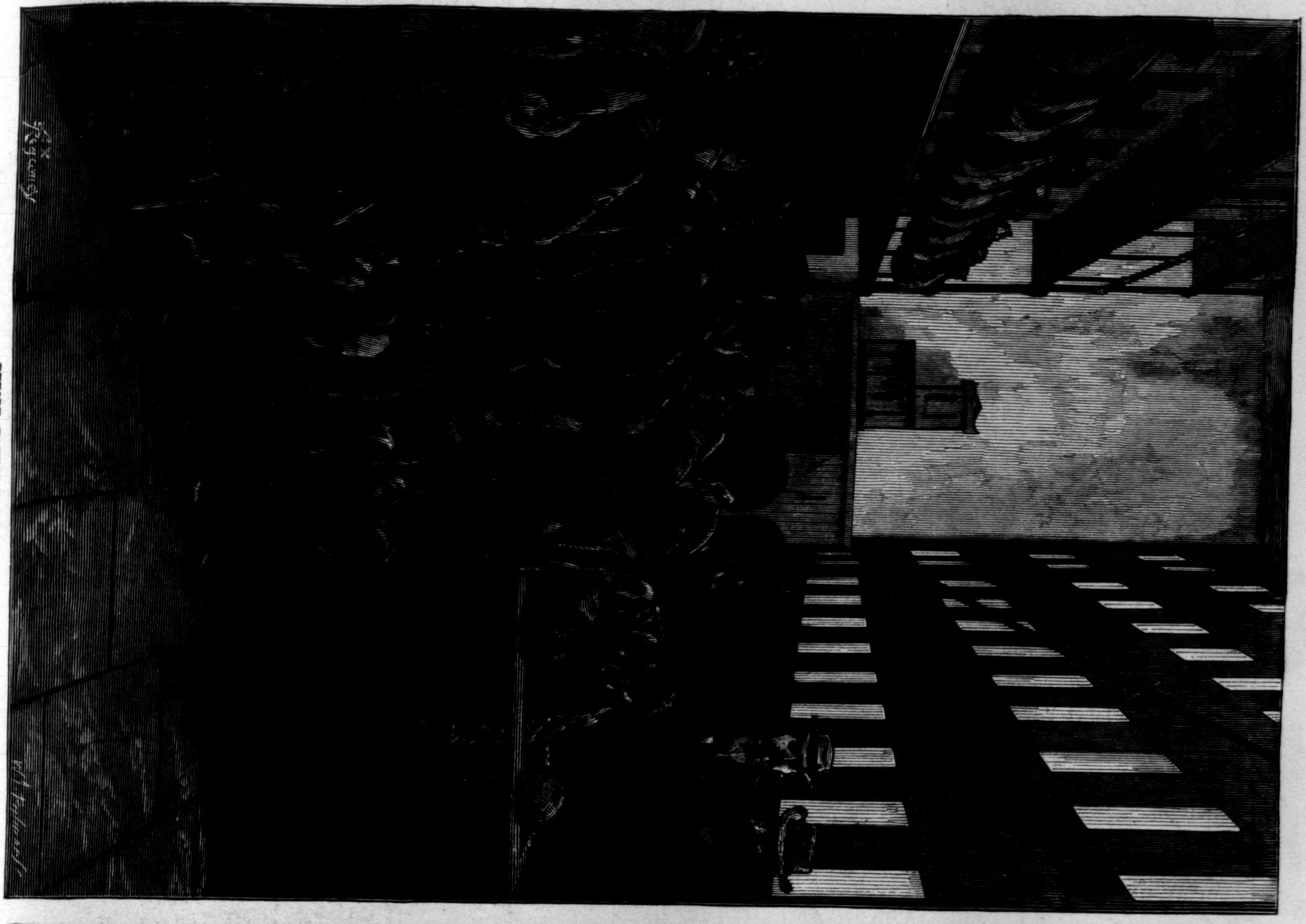
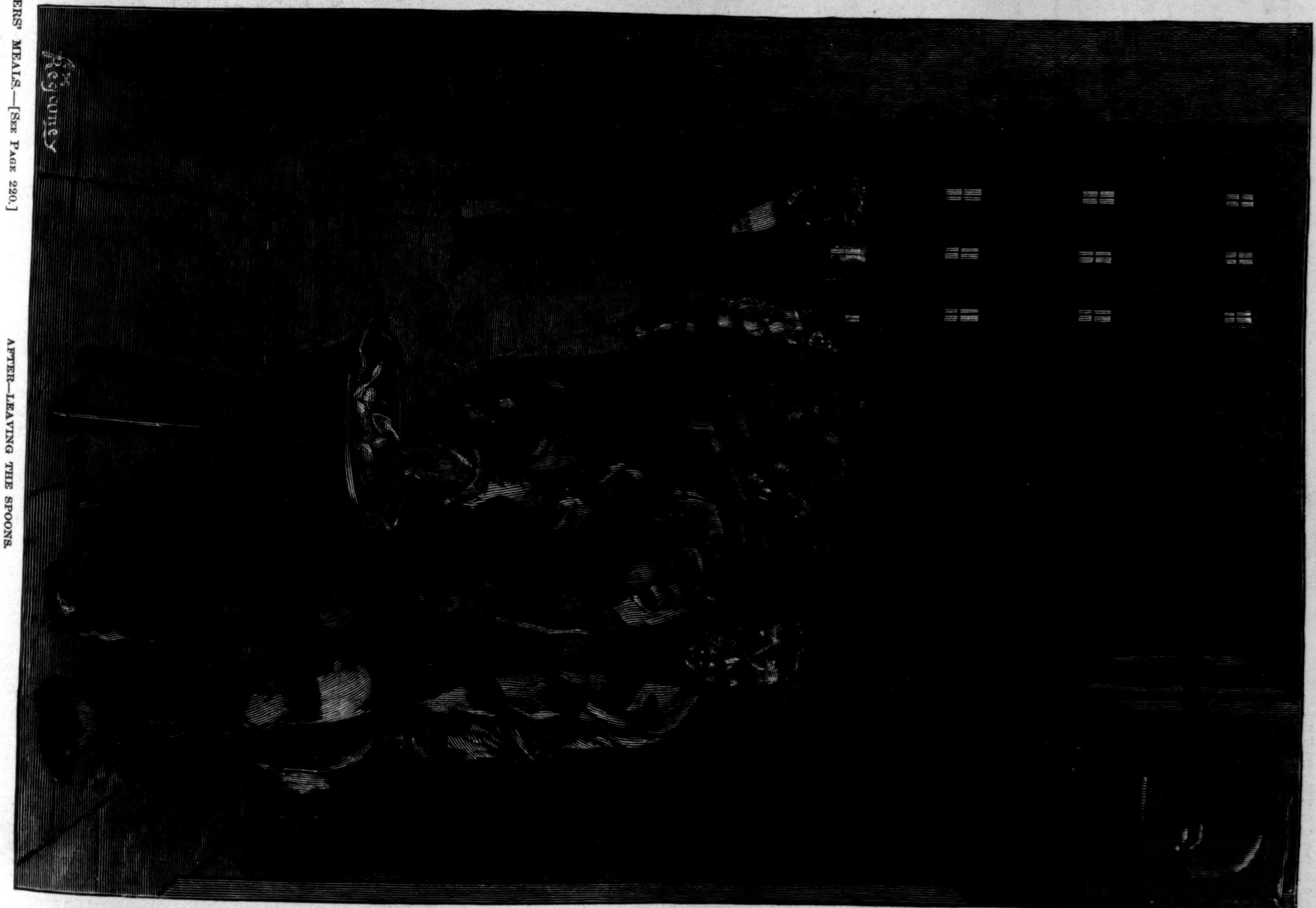
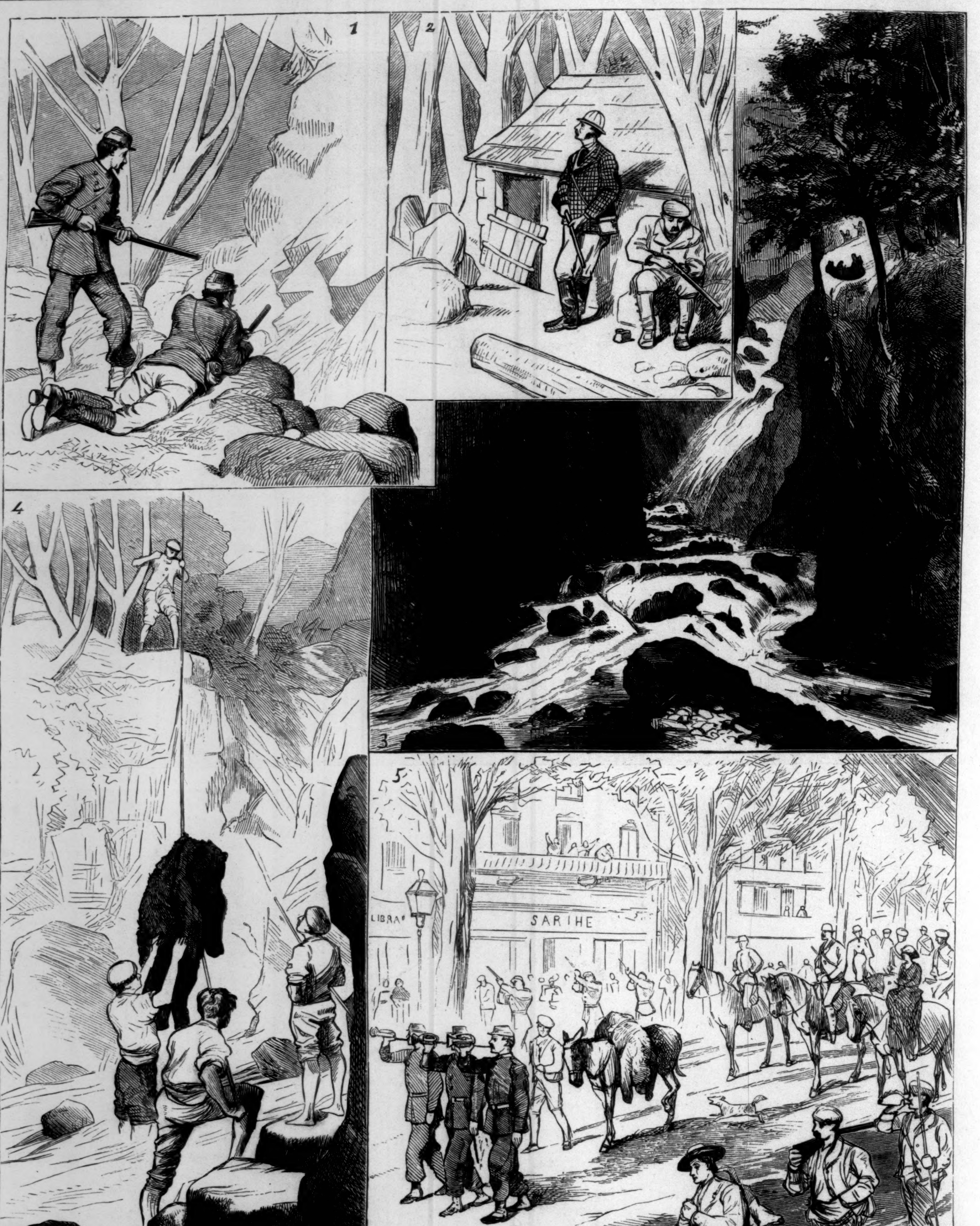


BEFORE—TAKING BREAD.



AFTER—LEAVING THE SPOONS.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—PRISONERS' MEALS.—[See Page 220.]



BEAR HUNTING IN THE PYRENEES.

HUNTING IN THE PYRENEES.

THE majestic chain of mountains which rises as a barrier between France and Spain abounds in animals of the chase—the bear, wolf, lynx, and the izard, a species of wild goat; and nowhere in Europe can better sport be found. The illustrations on this page represent the adventures of a party of sportsmen who have set out from the romantic village of Luchon, on the French side of the Pyrenees, on a bear hunt. The first shows a couple of huntsmen on the look-out for the unfortunate Bruin as he emerges from cover in quest of food; the second, a cabin used as a post of observation. In the third we see the effect of the shot, with the victim of the sportsman's aim tumbling over a high cliff into a torrent, whence, as shown in sketch number four, he is raised by means of rope and tackle. Having secured their prize, the party descend, and make a grand triumphal entry into Luchon, escorted by a military band, and followed by an admiring crowd. Luchon is quite celebrated for its sulphurous thermal springs, which have a temperature varying from 88° to 152° F., and for its handsome bath establishment. Many hundred visitors are attracted every year to this salubrious spot, and, as the village numbers only about 2500 inhabitants, hunting and excursion parties are the life of the place. The return of a successful hunting party, like the one depicted in our illustration, is always an occasion of great excitement, and the whole population turns out to witness the entry. The climate of the Pyrenees is comparatively mild, and the fashionable season at Luchon lasts from May to October.

SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the subject of arctic exploration will be glad to learn some of the particulars of the recent successful expedition under the leadership of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD. Through the influence of a gentleman named Mr. OSCAR DICKSON, one of the largest landed proprietors in Sweden, who himself undertook the entire burden of the expenses, the expedition was fitted out. After a tedious voyage, attended by the difficulties and hardships that are the invariable lot of the arctic explorer, the good ship *Proven* dropped her anchor on the 15th of August at the mouth of the Yenisei River. In successfully reaching this stream Professor NORDENSKJÖLD has attained a goal which has baffled for centuries the efforts of England, Holland, Russia, and other maritime nations. His voyage and journey up the river are also the first steps toward opening out to the world Siberia, with its vast mineral treasury.

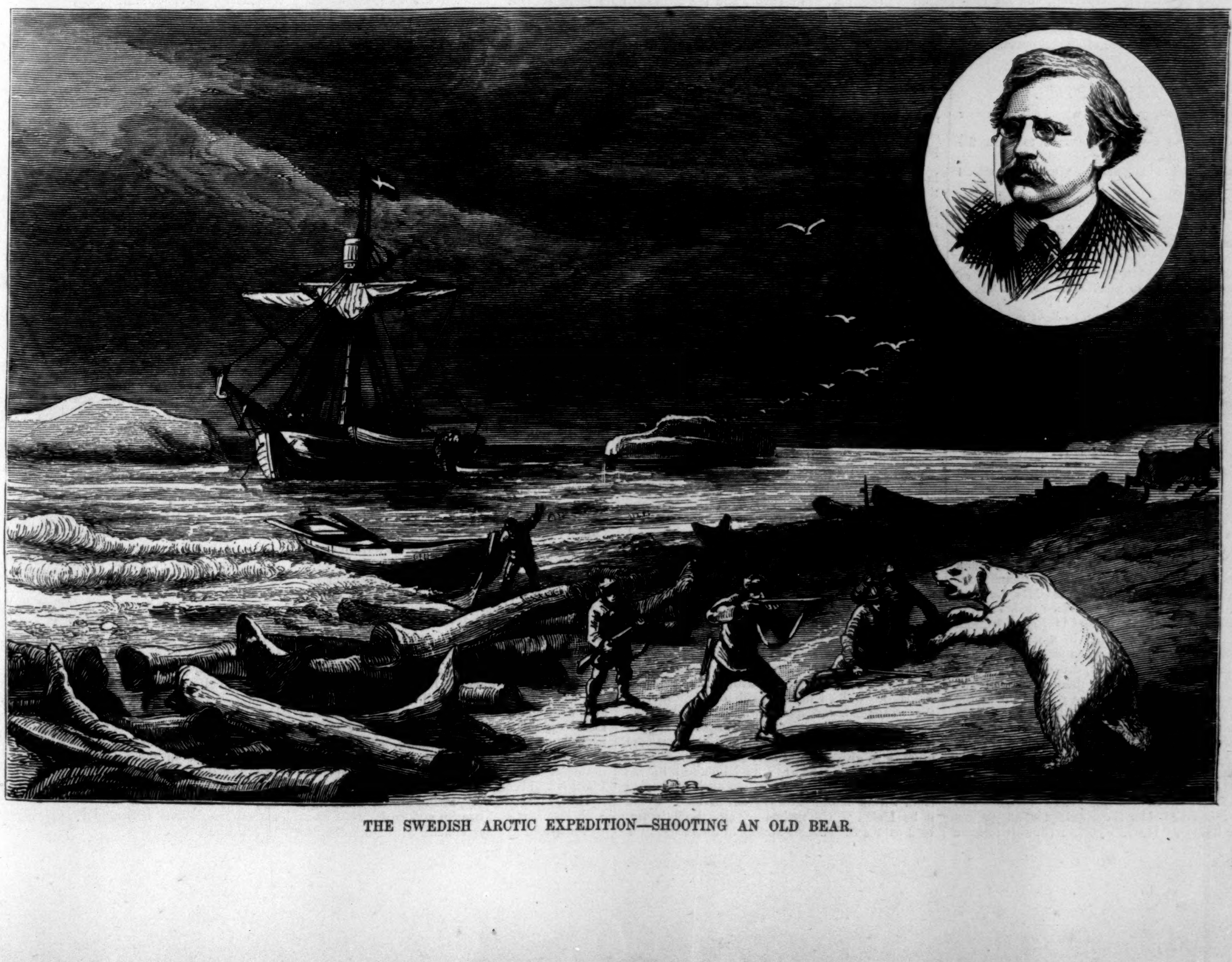
In an interesting letter addressed to his patron, Mr. DICKSON, the professor writes: "On the 17th of June we passed the North Cape, proceeding toward the southern part of Nova Zembla. The west coast of this double island is surrounded during the spring and early summer, and at some distance from the land, by a thick girdle of ice, which is for the most part impassable. This girdle disappears later in the year, and two sounds are formed, which, according to the fishermen, are covered with a thin, drifting kind of ice. These sounds, or open channels, connect the water adjoining the coast with the unfrozen ocean toward the west." Through one of them the vessel passed without

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—SACRIFICIAL ALTAR.

difficulty, and anchored off Nova Zembla, where she remained two days. From thence the expedition proceeded northward, stopping at various places near the coast, as opportunity offered. But toward the north of the sound which connects the Karisha water with the sea, between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, the coast was ice-bound, and it was therefore impossible to go further in that direction. A number of the party were detailed to make a journey into the interior and examine the state of the ice. At the same time Dr. Lundström, an associate explorer of Professor Nordenskjöld's, ascended a mountain over three thousand feet high in the vicinity, from the summit of which he had an extensive prospect. The unbroken condition of the ice, which seemed sufficiently strong to defy the influences of the polar summer, decided them to try another sound or passage which would lead round the great Vaigatch Islands into the Kara Sea. A violent storm arising, they were beaten about for several days, finally obtaining shelter under the southwestern coast of the Vaigatches. While there they collected a number of curious fossils and petrifactions, similar to those in Gottland, and therefore of particular interest to Swedish geologists. They also made the acquaintance for the first time of the Samoyeds, who on perceiving the vessel drove down to the shore in high sledges of peculiar make, drawn by three or four reindeer.

At this time the strong northeast winds, which had apparently driven the ice toward the southern part of the Kara Sea, made the prospect for pushing forward look very gloomy. They determined to make the attempt, however, and after having passed the sound, were rewarded for their bravery by finding an open expanse of water almost entirely free from ice. Their next point was the peninsula which separates the Kara Sea from the Gulf of Obi, called by the Samoyeds Yalmal, toward which they steered.

On the 8th of August they reached Yalmal, where an astronomical calculation as to their locality was made. Here it was that the explorers happened upon the scene in our first engraving. As they landed, there appeared close by the shore a sacrificial altar, near which were piled skulls and bones of polar bears, walruses, and reindeer. In the middle of the heap of bones were erected two idols, hewn out of roots of driftwood, whose eyes and mouths had recently been smeared with blood. Traces of human beings, of whom a portion had been barefooted, and remnants of Samoyede sledges were also found near by. Leaving Yalmal, the party sailed to the northward until a further voyage in that direction was pre-



THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—SHOOTING AN OLD BEAR.